Week ending February 20 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

THIS WEEK VIC OLIVER

begins the exciting story of his life of GAY ADVENTURE

DIFFERENT...

BY ROWNTREES

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

EDITORIAL

Weak links

On April 26 last year a tractor set out from Greenock, pulling a trailer carrying an eighty-four ton ship's crankshaft urgently needed in Glasgow. The carriers were faced with a problem: which route could they take?

It was no use trying the main road, for the crankshaft was too high for one of the bridges. Other routes were too hilly for the tractor. Only one road was left. But this had a snag, too: there was a bridge over the railway at Ardrossan which was unsuitable for heavy loads—and this one was more than 106 tons in all.

So the choice was: risk the bridge or not send the crankshaft.

Every day, hauliers face that sort of problem, for the roads of Britain have many weak bridges—several thousand, according to the Ministry of Transport. Bearing in mind the pressing need for Britain's industrial recovery, the carriers usually decide to take a chance. That was what the Greenock firm did.

MR. R. MORTON MITCHELL
"It may become impossible"

A few hours later, the trailer with its valuable load lay smashed on the railway line at Ardrossan. The bridge had collapsed, and a train was due shortly. Luckily, it was stopped.

Mr. R. Morton Mitchell, secretary of the Road Haulage Association, comments: "The demands of heavy industry on road transport are increasing, and it may soon become impossible for hauliers to meet them if the government does not take urgent action to improve the weak bridges."

A heavy lorry-load recently took a route from Burnley to Auchinleck which involved 411 miles instead of 241 by the straight route. Other loads often go 120 miles from Wrexham to Lancashire instead of fifty.

This enforced travel to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head goes on every day. It costs the country thousands of pounds and man-hours.

Nearly all Britain's road bridges were built in the last century. They were meant to carry farm carts, not the heavy loads of today.

The Ministry of Transport promises that "high priority will be given to strengthening weak bridges." But their inspector into the Ardrossan crash, Brigadier C. A. Langley, points out: "The strengthening of all the bridges in the country will take many years, even if planned on ambitious lines." And there is no sign that present plans are ambitious.

There are many calls on money, labour and materials these days. But few are more urgent than the strengthening of our seven thousand suspect bridges—the weak links in the road chain.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Forty million years before Fred Laurent's wife gave up hairdressing and put her drier in a kitchen cupboard, a small mammal called *Miacis* flourished on earth. A tree-dweller the size of a polecat, with short legs and a tail as long as its body, it was the ancestor of Britain's three million dogs and both halves of Miss Laurent's terrier. "One half is cairn," says her father. "The other, as you can see in his eyes, is a shameful mystery."

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GN 228

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Cussons

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Brilliantine

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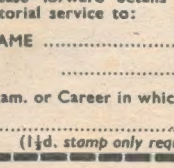

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FEBRUARY 20, 1954 VOL. 95 NUMBER 2486 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

A retired officer's problem

I WAS one of 110 engineer commanders, Royal Navy, retired in 1922 with £490 a year retired pay (after deduction of tax, £459 16s. 8d.).

In 1926, owing to reduction in retired pay and alteration in tax, the net amount I received was £454 4s. 4d. In 1953, my retired pay was £476 15s. (after tax, £448 2s.). My rates have risen from £16 10s. in 1926 to £66 19s. 6d. in 1953. Property tax from £4 3s. to £22 12s. 3d. Water rate from £3 3s. 9d. to £3 13s. 8d. My gas bill has risen from £5 16s. 6d. to £14 18s. Electricity from £6 7s. to £15 3s. 2d. Coal from £18 14s. to £71 2s. 10d. When I had made these payments, I had £4 17s. 6d. a week in 1953 for food, clothing and other commitments, as against £7 14s. in 1926, when it cost about a third as much to live. I work hard, and more than double my retired pay. But it is my constant anxiety that when I am no longer able to work I shall be on the rocks, like many of my time who are without employment or are unfit for work.—H. F. HAROLD, Sandy Lodge Way, Northwood, Middlesex.

The Officers' Pension Society states: It was laid down in 1919 that retired officers were to have their retired pay adjusted to meet the rise and fall of the cost of living. This sliding scale was dropped in 1935, and retired pay was fixed at nine and a half per cent below the 1919 rates. There have been increases since, but 16,550 retired officers still receive less than the rates to which they were entitled under the 1919 code. A commander, R.N., retiring under the current code receives £675 a year.

Chain Stitch

WHEN I went back to my pre-marriage job—teaching—in 1940, I had a mixed class of eleven-year-olds, some of them real "tough guys." One day I suggested that the girls should teach the boys to knit. There was great enthusiasm, and on the following Friday afternoon the boys arrived with equipment ranging from "Mother's best knitting pins"—fine enough to knit lace—to six-inch nails and string. They learned to knit, and brought out their knitting whenever they had a spare moment. A few weeks ago one of those boys came to see me before leaving the district. He wore a beautiful pull-over which he had knitted himself. I was very pleased—he was the one who started with nails and string.—MRS. M., Staffordshire.

Hyphen-Smith

MANY people go through life with a string of middle names which are merely decorative. It would be better to have names which serve a purpose. A hyphenated surname, for example, would help to distinguish one Smith, Brown or Jones from another. The preservation of their maiden names would be of service to women; at present they lose their identity completely when they marry. Spain is more just in this respect. If a Señor Perez marries a Señorita Alvarez, she becomes Señora Alvarez de Perez. Their son would be (Juan) Perez Alvarez. — CHARLES NEWTON, Calcutta, India.

In America, if Joan Stone marries Thomas Wood, her legal style is Joan Stone Wood.

Two Minds

DESPITE the discrepancy in their ages, my mother, the youngest of eleven children, was especially in sympathy with her eldest sister. During my childhood, it frequently happened that Mother would announce at breakfast: "I feel that Mary will call today. We will go into Manchester and do some shopping." She was always right; later in the morning Aunt Mary would arrive by car from her home thirty miles away. Both sisters had telephones, but they rarely needed to use them to arrange their outings. These telepathic gifts were a great asset at parties.—THOMAS EARP, Hale, Cheshire.

A doctor says: This is quite possible; indeed, it is a well-recognized form of telepathy, or "extra-sensory perception," as it is now called.

Paper Money

MY grandmother, who could neither read nor write, kept a little shop and gave weekly credit. Like the Maltese grocer (referred to recently in "Free Speech"), she had an unusual accounting system. Each customer was allotted a long nail. Pieces of paper, speared on this nail, represented the sum owing. White papers indicated pennies, red sixpences and blue shillings.—S. A. LEWIS, Greenfield Street, Wassail Square, Swansea.

Personal Touch

AS a telephone engineer (JOHN BULL, January 23), I once had to test an automatic (dial) telephone for an old lady living in a North Wales coast town. "Why are you so out of date with your phones round here?" she asked me. "In my home town in the Midlands, all you had to do was lift the receiver. The operator would ask for your number, and get it for you."—A. C. A., North Wales.

Auf Wiedersehen

I ARRIVED in this country from Germany five years ago and took a job in a hospital. My knowledge of English was still very inadequate—I used to blush every time I had to say a few words. My chief difficulty was that I could not distinguish between the uses of the words "if" and "when." One day I was preparing an elderly woman for an operation. She was depressed and anxious, so I tried to console her. "Please, do not worry," I said. "You will be all right . . . (I hesitated while choosing the right word) . . . *if* you come back." The patient smiled faintly.—MRS. I. K., Sheffield, Yorkshire.

A dramatic new novel

THE STRANGE LAND

by

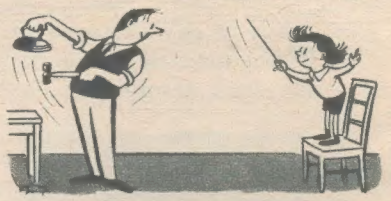
HAMMOND INNES

begins in John Bull next week

See page 19

Bars On The Anvil

A FEW days ago I was doing a little metal work, using an old flat-iron as an anvil. During a lull while my work was heating, I started to hum a tune mentally and beat out the rhythm on the anvil. No sound escaped my lips, but I had beaten out



only four bars of the rhythm when my three-year-old son said: "Daddy, that's 'Wish You Were Here'." I looked at him in surprise, and then decided to try some other rhythms. He made only one mistake in about fifteen tunes. Usually he recognized a rhythm before I had beaten out more than a few bars. I tried him with slow tempos, and each time he gave the right answer.—R. W. ARMSTRONG, London, N.1.

End Of Fear

ONE doctor at least speaks out ("Doctor's Secrets," JOHN BULL, January 30). I was partly deaf, and going from one hospital to another—with no one to tell me whether or not I would become stone deaf. At twenty, I was racked with fear and uncertainty. Then I saw an eminent ear surgeon at a London hospital.

"Nothing I can do, old chap."

"Will it get worse?" I asked.

"Slowly, until you can't hear at all" said the surgeon.

"Would a hearing aid help?"

"Not a bit of good in your case." He explained briefly why, and added kindly: "You'll get used to it. Try to live with those noises in your head, and in time you will forget them."

I could face the truth, and life took on a new light. I have been stone deaf since 1940, and have become accustomed to it.—H. E. BRAVERY, Westcott, Dorking, Surrey.

. . . Every week for months a patient used to hand me a prescription to make up, written in his doctor's usual script, which no layman could decipher. One week the doctor's locum wrote the same prescription in a completely legible hand. The patient pointed to one of the five ingredients (acid hydrocyanic dil.), and said: "I looked that up in the dictionary. It's prussic acid. I'm not drinking that stuff." Only by promising—with my fingers crossed—that I would leave out the acid, could I persuade the man to carry on with his medicine.—VICTORIA M. SMITH, Stockton Terrace, Grangetown, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Both these men are 35!

Strong hair, growing strongly. An asset too readily taken for granted. Why has he been so favoured?

This man's hair has always been thin and brittle. And he has always been sensitive about it. Can anything be done?

SP.30

People so often guess a man's age by his hair

WHY SHOULDN'T WE PUT THINGS BLUNTLY? Thinning hair nearly always makes a man appear far more than his true age. Grossly unfair, you may say; a first impression. Maybe; but it is an impression that too often remains. And understandably; for a fine head of hair is a sign of admirable self-respect; and all the more so because the health of your hair is no longer entirely a matter of chance, it is much more a matter of science. Nowadays there is less and less excuse for unhealthy hair.

NEW, LIVING HAIR

The hair that you see in your mirror is dead—no more living than the tips of your fingernails. But, on a healthy scalp, every hair is constantly being replaced by new, living hair, growing outwards from the true growing point of the hair known as the 'papilla' or hair root.

Because hair grows, hair must be fed. When you think of it, that is obvious enough. To the papilla a tiny blood vessel brings the material necessary for building hair, and keeping it in good health. If this nourishment fails, the hair will fall out *and will not grow again!* But what is the hair's food, and where does it come from?

Drawing based on a photo-micrograph clearly showing the hair 'root' which must receive regular nourishment if the hair is to grow.

WHAT MAKES HAIR GROW?

Here is the most up-to-date picture. Hair, like a large part of all living matter, is formed from protein. What is protein? It is an organic substance made up of small units called amino-acids.

New hair consists of a special kind of protein called *Keratin*. And *Keratin*, in its turn, is built from as many as 18 different amino-acids. Your hair roots must receive a constant supply of *all* these amino-acids, if your hair is to grow and be healthy.

Under perfect conditions your body supplies these hair-forming substances. But if you are not in perfect health (and who is?) then these substances may be in short supply. And your hair begins to suffer. Many people, of course, never *have* had enough hair-forming substances. They suffer from a 'natural' shortage. In both these circumstances the scientific treatment is to supply extra amino-acids *from outside the body*. This can be done by massaging into the scalp the substance called Silvikrin. What is Silvikrin?

THE SECRET OF SILVIKRIN

A few drops of Silvikrin contain the building units of millions of healthy hair cells. For Silvikrin contains in an active state all the substances of which hair is formed: tryptophane, lysine, histidine, phenylalanine, leucine, isoleucine, methionine, valine, threonine, arginine, cystine, tyrosine, proline, serine, aspartic acid, glutamic acid, glycine and alanine. Massaged into the scalp, these substances directly nourish the hair roots. That is why Silvikrin is the hair's natural food.

For falling hair or severe dandruff you should use Pure Silvikrin, a concentrated solution of all the amino-acids needed for vigorous hair health. There is also Silvikrin Hair Tonic, an invigorating, refreshing preparation containing a proportion of *Pure Silvikrin*—ideal both for treatment where hair troubles are not so advanced as to require Pure Silvikrin, and as a periodical tonic for maintaining hair health.

But continued hair health depends on sensible care. Most men require a daily dressing not only for the sake of appearance, but in order to keep hair and scalp in proper condition; and Silvikrin Hair Dressing (a lotion with oil) will be found ideal for daily use. This superb dressing, containing *Pure Silvikrin*, grooms hair smartly and corrects any tendency to dandruff.

Silvikrin Shampoos are also valuable aids to hair health. They are available in powder, liquid or cream form—all containing *Pure Silvikrin*, the hair's natural food.

The full, often startling benefit of Silvikrin cannot be achieved in a few days or even weeks. For Silvikrin is a scientific, bio-chemical treatment which aims at a *fundamental* improvement in your hair health.

When you need Silvikrin

DANDRUFF

Shampoo your hair weekly with a *Silvikrin shampoo*. Massage the scalp with *Silvikrin Hair Tonic* (a lotion without oil). In severe cases use *Pure Silvikrin*. If hair is dry, you need a daily dressing: use *Silvikrin Hair Dressing* (a lotion with oil).

OILY SCALP

Keep your scalp scrupulously clean with a shampoo *at least* once a week. Massage for two minutes night and morning with *Silvikrin Hair Tonic*.

THINNING HAIR

Apply *Pure Silvikrin* night and morning, taking care to cover the whole scalp, and massage in thoroughly. Where scalp is in poor condition, add a little *Silvikrin Hair Tonic*.

THE SILVIKRIN RANGE

Pure Silvikrin 11/3. Silvikrin Hair Tonic 2/6 and 4/4½. Silvikrin Hair Dressing 2/6 and 4/4½. Silvikrin Hair Cream 4/-. Silvikrin Shampoos: Powder 4½d. Liquid 6d and 1/5. Cream 1/5 and 2/3.

Child's play to get

CONSTANT HOT WATER

HOT WATER by electricity is simple and clean. One good method is to use an immersion heater, which goes into the hot water tank or cylinder normally heated by a solid fuel boiler. As the heater is actually *in the water*, every bit of its heat is used.

An immersion heater is cheap to buy and it is certainly a most economical means of summer water heating. Just switch on your immersion heater and save your solid fuel for the winter.

All the year round it is most convenient and labour-saving. There is not even any need for you to switch it off. The heat cannot escape and the heater automatically switches itself off when the water reaches the right temperature.

But make sure your immersion heater is properly fitted and the cylinder or tank well lagged—and for this you will need expert advice.

For friendly advice and information, go to your Electricity Showrooms or Service Centre. They will be glad to help you. *They can also let you have details about easy payments—and the new free book, full of useful ideas for saving work,* **ELECTRICITY IN YOUR KITCHEN;** *or write for a copy to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.*

ELECTRICITY

a Power of Good

Why *MOTHERS* feel

TIRED

The cause may be

IRON-VITAMIN

deficiency—

Because so many extra demands are made on their blood supply, women—especially *mothers*—suffer more than men from lack of IRON. Unfortunately the Iron obtainable from the average diet may not be enough to make up for all the Iron lost periodically as well as during pregnancy and in many other ways. The result is that you feel tired, nervy, breathless, run down and generally out of condition.

IRON ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

To restore your full health and vigour you *must* put the essential iron back in your blood. But your run-down system needs other help, too. That is why Dr. Cassells Tablets also contain such important ingredients as Copper Sulphate (to enable your body to absorb the iron), Calcium Phosphate (a valuable source of calcium and phosphorus), together with Vitamin B_1 (the energy vitamin) and Caffeine which have a tonic effect on the nervous system. If you are experiencing any of the symptoms listed below Dr. Cassells Tablets will enrich your blood with iron, tone up your whole system, and give you back—as it has done for thousands of others—the healthy energy that makes life worth while.

Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

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Sleeplessness · Inability to Concentrate · Susceptibility to Infection and Slow Powers of Recovery.

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HAVE YOU A PROBLEM CHILD?

DON'T FUSS MOTHER—I'M TOO TIRED TO EAT AFTER THE OFFICE—I'M ALWAYS TIRED THESE DAYS
BUT YOU NEVER EAT PROPERLY DEAR—YOU'LL GET REALLY ILL IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS!
I CAN'T THINK WHAT TO BUY TO TEMPT ELSIE—SHE DOESN'T EAT PROPERLY, IT'S MAKING HER TIRED AND NERVY
OUR DOCTOR PUT ME ON TO BURGUNDY WITH MEALS WHEN I WAS RUN DOWN—WHY NOT TRY IT?

LOTS OF MY CUSTOMERS SWEAR BY KEYSTONE BURGUNDY. IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE, AND THERE'S NOTHING BETTER FOR GIVING AN APPETITE AND DOING YOU ALL-ROUND GOOD
YES, ANOTHER HELPING PLEASE—YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT KEYSTONE
YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTIER TOO, DARLING—SO ALIVE AND FULL OF SPARKLE

when doctor advises burgundy be sure to get

KEYSTONE

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Delights the palate, creates appetite, makes every meal a banquet

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The maestro of mirth and music begins his hilarious life story

GAY ADVENTURE

by VIC OLIVER

IN THE 1890s, my father was a gay young man-about-town in Vienna. My mother was a ballerina at the Vienna State Opera House. They met, in what was then the orthodox manner, when father tossed a bouquet of orchids on to the stage. There was a note attached: "May I see you after the show?"

In those days, Strauss was alive and Offenbach in his prime. The Emperor Franz Josef II still retained a fumbling grasp on territories which included Hungary, most of modern Czechoslovakia and parts of modern Poland, Italy, Yugoslavia and Rumania.

Father, the scion of a family owning a prosperous textile manufacturing business in Brunn, Moravia (now Brno in Czechoslovakia), was a great lover of pleasure. Hence, it was natural that he should be lured to the imperial capital and, once in that capital, to the Opera, where all the gaiety, the glitter, the elegance, the sheer delirious joy in life were concentrated.

His first attempt to meet my mother ended in disappointment. As he waited at the stage door with the other Johnnies, all wearing top-hats and opera-cloaks, the commissionaire handed him a note: "My regrets. I shall be unable to meet you." A few minutes later he saw her whisked away by a mother intent on protecting her from just his sort.

But Father was not the man to give up. Night after night, he flung orchids on to the stage. Occasionally he substituted small pieces of jewellery. At last, his persistence was rewarded. One night, my grandmother was unable to chaperone her daughter and she, overcome with curiosity about her unknown admirer, agreed to meet him. That evening they had supper at the Hotel Sacher, one of the most exclusive hotels in Europe.

When they had eaten, Father asked: "When shall I be able to see you again?"

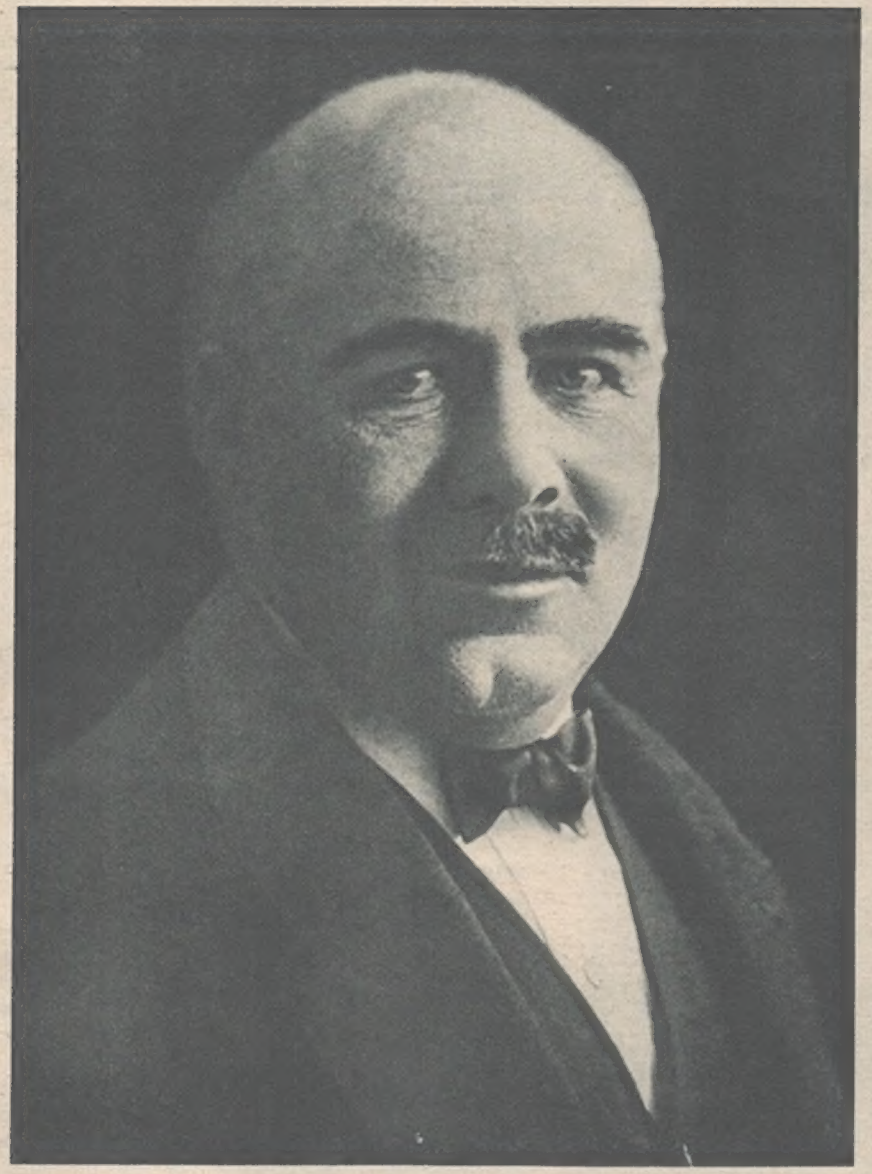
"It's quite impossible," replied Mother unhappily. "I'm never allowed out by myself."

"Is there no hope, then?" pleaded Father. Mother considered a moment. "Not unless you come to the house."

The next day he drove to see her parents. Her father was a bank official, rigidly orthodox. I remember him as a pompous little man, strutting about the streets in top hat and striped

Vic with an ardent fan—his daughter Shelley Ann, born four years after his third marriage in 1946. She listens to all his radio shows

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



Vic Oliver's father—a great lover of pleasure until he settled down after marriage. With ruthless zeal, he crammed his son with education from the age of three. "I remember his strictness most," writes Vic

At the age of sixteen, Vic's mother was a ballet apprentice at the Vienna Opera. "She was a typical gay, carefree Viennese," he says. "Marriage seemed to make no difference to her essential frivolity"

trousers with a briefcase under his arm as he hurried to interview clients who wanted loans from his bank.

He received Father icily. "What do you want?"

"Sir, may I have the honour of taking out your daughter?"

"Certainly not. My daughter is only sixteen. You are a much older man." At that time Father was twenty-eight.

"But I have a carriage and pair," Father pleaded, "and my own coachman."

This infuriated Grandfather. "Young man," he thundered, "I know very well what happens in those carriages. You may call in the afternoons and drink coffee with my daughter."

For months Father spent his afternoons drinking coffee with my mother—chaperoned, of course, by my grandmother—and his evenings watching her dance at the Opera. Even this seemed to offend Grandfather's sense of propriety. "Young man," he demanded one day, "what are your intentions?" Father was prepared. "Sir, I hope to marry your daughter."

Grandfather was now clearly delighted. A wealthy young aristocrat was a remarkable catch for the daughter of a middling bank official. Father was encouraged to see Mother as often as he wanted and, a few months later, when my mother was seventeen and a half, the marriage took place.

Within a year my sister Lily was born. A year later, on July 8, 1898, I myself was born in the village of Voeslau, near the fashionable resort of Baden, where my parents had taken a house for the summer. Shortly afterwards I was christened Viktor Olivier Samek. Viktor is the German spelling of Victor, Olivier was in honour of my godfather, Olivier Baron von Loudron, and Samek was my father's name.

Although I have revisited my birthplace several times, I best remember our town house in Vienna. It was in the Victorian style, with sixteen rooms on three floors, and was built round a courtyard which one entered through an archway from the street. Often, as a child, I remember throwing down pennies wrapped in scraps of paper to itinerant musicians who had come into the courtyard to play their violins.

We had seven servants in those days, as well as a succession of governesses and tutors. It seems strange, perhaps, that for all these people we had only one bathroom equipped with a coal stove which heated a mere ten gallons of water at a time. We had almost to put down our names when we wanted a bath.

Solid Gold Dinner Service

Otherwise, the house was richly appointed. We had old masters on the walls and knick-knacks of every description decorating the furniture or displayed in glass cases. I especially remember a fan said to have belonged to the Empress Maria Theresa, and a complete dinner service in solid gold which would be worth a small fortune today.

It was over this household that my mother ruled. She was a typical Viennese—gay, carefree, a great lover of life and one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Her complexion was dazzling and her corn-gold hair reached her ankles when she let it down. Marriage seemed not to make the slightest difference to her essential frivolity.

On the other hand, marriage had changed Father drastically. While Mother's family had looked on it with enthusiasm, his own had frowned on it for the very same reason: they said he was marrying beneath himself. In an excess of spite they cut off the income he had been receiving from the family business. Father was not at that time prudent. He still had a little money, but instead of saving it he took his bride to Monte Carlo, where they squandered it in extravagant living. When they returned to Vienna they were penniless.

However, Father was charming and well connected, and before long he was appointed managing director of a blouse shop. Conscious of the need to earn a living for his wife and two children, he worked hard, and the shop eventually grew into one of the largest department stores in Vienna. In the process, Father developed a strong sense of responsibility and a determination to put the wayward pleasures of his youth behind him. This made a clash with Mother inevitable.

For some years they seemed happy enough to outsiders. They still went to the Opera, together now, in the family carriage. They occasionally attended balls and held informal card parties for their society friends. On Sundays, after morning church, they joined the fashionable promenade around the Ringstrasse, a sort of boulevard which encircles the centre of Vienna. But Mother's constant desire for admiration irritated Father, and when she allowed her hair to be featured in advertisements for hair brushes he said that she was prostituting her beauty.

Nevertheless, he was always ready to defend her, even against her own children. On one

occasion he turned quite sharply on Lily. She was a plump, attractive child, inclined to be wilful, with hair like her mother's. One day she accused Mother of having used her toothbrush and refused to retract even when Mother denied it.

Suddenly, Father came in. "Apologize to your mother," he ordered. Lily refused. Father exploded. Quickly slipping the diamond and ruby rings from the third and fourth fingers of his left hand he hit Lily a vicious backhander which almost knocked her over. Lily was only six at the time.

Such incidents always drove the two of us together, and we would comfort each other at nights in each other's bedrooms. Lily was always the most loyal of sisters and often took punishment which should have fallen on me. Nowadays, I still visit her in New York, where she is happily married.

Upset By Parents' Divorce

Then came a period which was especially bewildering for us children. When Mother first left the house we were merely told that she had gone to stay with friends. Much later, we found that Father had obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion and, since Mother had left him, he had been awarded the custody of the children. Because the divorce conflicted with Papal doctrine, he also left the Roman Catholic Church.

The real meaning of the divorce was brought home to us in one agonizing incident. An aunt and uncle on my father's side were staying with us. They had both hated Mother, for they thought she had lured Father into an unsuitable marriage. One afternoon the nurse took Lily and myself for a walk in the park. Suddenly, we saw my mother; overjoyed, we ran towards her. She was just about to embrace us when we were seized roughly from behind and bundled back to the house. Aunt and Uncle had been spying from behind a bush.

I believe that Father, suspecting that Mother had bribed the nurse to take us into the park at that time, had set them to watch us.

That night, Lily and I cried in each other's arms. "Shall we never be able to see Mother again?" I asked. Even at that age, Lily was pretty wise. "Don't worry," she sobbed, "when the trouble's over we'll be able to see her as much as we like." She was right. The court subsequently ordered that we should be allowed to see Mother once a month and later, when she married a prosperous leather merchant, we visited her for two hours every Wednesday afternoon. Later still, she and Father were reconciled in friendship and she was a frequent visitor at our house.

Disliked Their Stepmother

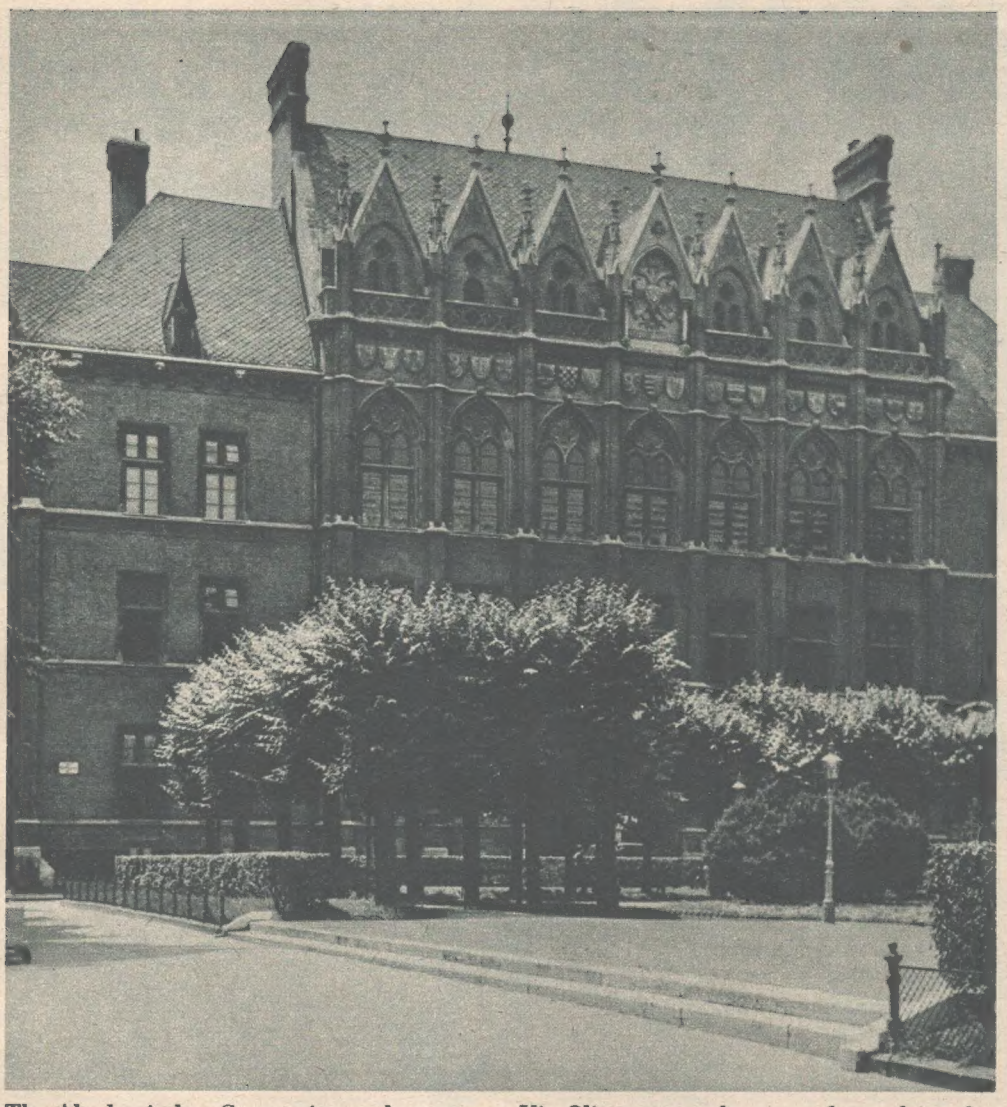
Some years after, Father married again. His second wife was a plump, vivacious, dark-haired girl whom he had met at his brother's wedding in Berlin. Charming and witty in company, she had a bitter, jealous streak which frequently came out at home. We children had as little to do with her as possible. At first, she tried to win our favour by bringing us toys and being especially nice to us, but we couldn't bring ourselves to like her. Lily was especially outspoken: "We don't want you here," she said, many times.

When Father died in 1926 he left everything to his second wife. When she died, she left everything—her money, our family house and even the personal relics which might be expected to go to an only son—to the servants.

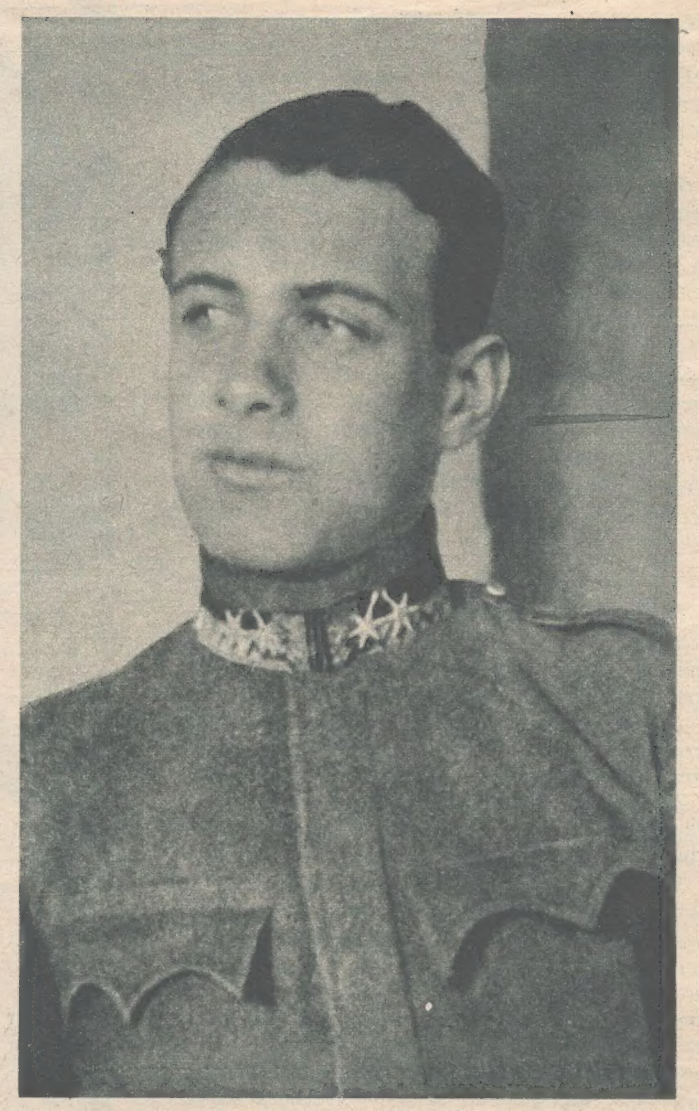
The main consequence to us of losing Mother and disliking our stepmother was to throw us more and more on to Father. He was a large man, six feet tall, almost bald, with a bushy red moustache, bushy eyebrows and an enormous cleft in his chin.

He was a fastidious dresser. He had about thirty pairs of made-to-measure shoes, which he

"Lily was the most loyal of sisters," says Vic. "She often took punishment that should have fallen on me." Aged four, she stands beside him in his chair at their town house in Vienna



The Akademisches Gymnasium, where young Vic Oliver narrowly escaped expulsion for cheating. After an exam, he crept into the master's room and altered his answers



As an Austrian Army cadet in 1914, Vic wore a well-cut officer-type uniform—"useful when going out with girls"

insisted on polishing himself, and fifty or sixty suits, all in the same style—four-button, single-breasted. Some of them were twenty years old, but since he had worn them in strict rotation, they still looked new. Often he would take me to his dressing-room and show me how tidy he kept his cupboards. "Viki, my boy," he said as he put a pair of trousers between two pieces of cardboard and placed a heavy weight on top, "it always pays to be neat and tidy. It will help you to get jobs and make friends."

What I most remember about Father, however, is his strictness. He was a fanatic about health and hygiene, and must have washed his hands at least twenty times a day. When he saw a spot of ink on our hands an angry expression would darken his face. "Quickly. To the bathroom. Wash," he snapped. He used to take us regularly to the dentist and four times a year to the doctor whether or not we were ill. From time to time he hired a chiropodist to examine our feet for ingrowing toenails.

He began the day with a peculiar rite: for some strange reason, he always had breakfast in the bathroom. As a child, I never understood why. I think now that it was because our rigid domestic régime prevented the dining-room fire being lit before 7.30, and at seven o'clock the bathroom, with its stove, was the warmest place in the house.

Over a breakfast of coffee and rolls, he would read the morning papers until 7.30, when a barber arrived to shave him. A quarter of an hour later, my sister and I had to parade before him for our morning inspection. After inquiring whether we had slept well and enjoyed our breakfast, he would closely examine our hair, our clothes, our faces. Often, he would frown and send us scampering back to the nursery to clean our ears or have a sock darned.

By now, he set up on his own account as an agent for most of the big British and Continental textile firms. Since the divorce, his family had readmitted him to the family business, so that he was also a textile manufacturer. Later, he was appointed official adviser on textiles to the Emperor.

His seven salesmen worked from a suite of offices on the third floor of the house. Father's own room overlooked the courtyard, and any noise we made there or in our first-floor playroom was immediately audible to him. In this way, he also knew whether I was doing my full hour's practice at the piano. But I found a way round this. I used to practise scales which I knew by heart while I read a comic.

Iron Discipline At Table

Lunch and dinner were family meals. Father was especially fond of steak, which he insisted on having cooked a different way each day. He also liked an elaborate sweet: strawberry flan for preference, or chocolate cake filled with whipped cream, or sugared dumplings stuffed with apricots. But he was a confirmed hypochondriac, and before starting his lunch invariably produced his current bottle. "Children," he would say, "I don't know how long I am going to last. See what filthy stuff they have given me now." As often as not, it was a bottle of coloured water which the doctor had prescribed to keep him quiet.

Each meal was conducted in a manner strongly reminiscent of the Barretts of Wimpole Street. We started, of course, with grace. At the end, we had to ask Father's permission to leave. When he nodded his consent, we each walked to the head of the table, took his hand, kissed it, kissed him again on the forehead and said in German: "Thank you, Father, for the meal."

On rare occasions, eager to dash off to a football match, I would forget to thank him. "Stop," he would shout as I started to leave the room. "Haven't you forgotten something?" Before I had time to answer, he would burst out again: "Where do you think the food comes from? Does it come down the chimney? Does it fly through the window? I"—and he tapped himself on the chest—"had to work for this."

As I have already implied, he had a filthy temper. I used to skate at a nearby rink for half an hour each day after school, and one day I played truant for the last lesson so that I could have an extra hour. By some means, Father found out. When I arrived home with my skates under my arm, I was surprised to find him waiting for me, as he would normally have been in his study at this time.

"You've been skating!" he accused, meaning that I had played truant to do so.

"No, Father."

"Then why are you so late?"

I thought quickly. "I left school feeling ill and fainted on my way home."

"Liar!" He grabbed one of my skates and struck me across the head with it. I had the bump for three weeks.

Tore Up £200 Note In Rage

He even carried his bad temper into his business, where he was otherwise so efficient. Often, he would tear up important documents in a rage. One man, for whom he did a favour, made the mistake of tossing on to his desk a thousand-kroner bill (worth about £200) as a sort of tip. Father was so furious that he tore it into shreds in front of him.

Whenever he gave way to his temper, however, he was immediately sorry. In this case, his contrition took a queer form. After apologizing to the man who had offered it him, he wrote a letter to the Bank of Austria, begging their forgiveness for destroying one of their banknotes. The answer was bland. "Sir," they wrote, "we

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TIO AND THE NEGLECTED WIFE

by ***BURNHAM CARTER***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

No wife likes to be ignored. Some accept it. Others, like Amelia, take action

A STRANGER ARRIVING at the Café Mosca in Havana would attract little attention on his first visit, but if he came a second time, the steady customers would scrutinize him more closely. The clientèle of the Mosca, consisting of prominent members of Havana's underworld, tended to be exclusive.

Tio Martinez, the slender and urbane proprietor of the café, was aware of this prejudice and could be counted upon to investigate a newcomer's connections, when necessary.

On this occasion, the visitor was an American, which was unusual, since the Mosca was too modest an establishment to attract tourists. He was sitting at one of the little marble-topped tables, drinking coffee—a small man, with a shrewd, closed face and blue eyes, dressed in a well-tailored, grey worsted suit with a green-striped tie and shiny black shoes.

From behind the long bar, Tio, a natty dresser himself, approved the attire. He was planning to begin a conversation, when the American finished his coffee and came to the bar, remarking in hesitant Spanish: "You are Tio Martinez?"

"It is my humble claim," Tio acknowledged.

"A friend of yours sent me—George Brooks, of Key West and Miami."

Some years ago, Tio and George Brooks had enjoyed a profitable association. Latterly, their communications had been infrequent. Tio inquired after George's present location.

"The government has provided him with free board and lodging," the stranger said. "He did well in Miami—a thriving slot-machine business—but he neglected to report it all on his income-tax return."

The American unfolded his wallet on the counter, displaying a card which read:

ALBERT SCOON
United States Secret Service

Tio's face showed only an admiring smile. "You are a person of much importance," he said.

Mr. Scoon's eyes flicked at Tio coldly; apparently he was not a man to be flattered. "There is something I should like to discuss with you," he said. "Something which might be helpful to us both. Could we meet sometime? Tomorrow, perhaps?"

It was clearly desirable to know more about Mr. Scoon's purposes in Havana, and Tio agreed to the engagement. The date was set for the

Tio listened, puffing his cigarette. "The girls are charming," said Mr. Scoon, "but I haven't come here for that. Someone is making counterfeit money"

next morning, at ten thirty in the Café of the Little Nine.

"In the meantime let us not mention my presence here," Mr. Scoon advised, with a return of his ocular frigidity.

"As you wish, señor," Tio said.

Shortly before the appointed hour, Tio approached his wife, the plump and pretty Amelia, who was standing behind the cash register arguing about the breakfast bill with Bobo Madero, a customs inspector, to whom the least centavo was an object of deep affection.

"Is it a three or five?" Bobo was inquiring.

"Eek!" exclaimed Amelia, jumping. She added hastily, at Bobo's surprised expression: "It is a three, señor."

He paid, much relieved, and waddled off, and Amelia turned indignantly upon her husband. "It was a five, but you rattled me," she scolded. "I have told you before; a gentleman pinches privately."

"I was overcome," Tio said; "and besides, I am about to leave you, Little Flower."

"Well, you can pay me the two pesetas. And kindly be back by the rush period at lunch time."

"Each minute I spend away from you seems like an hour."

"It often *is* an hour," Amelia replied. "Eek!"

Tio departed cheerfully.

OVER coffee at the Café of the Little Nine, Mr. Scoon paid some tributes to the pleasant Cuban climate, the beauty of Havana, and the charms of its girls. "But, alas, I am not here for these reasons," he declared, "but strictly on business. I have been informed that an American has recently moved here to make money."

"I wish him all success," Tio said cordially.

"I mean, counterfeit money. American ten-dollar bills. He has set up his shop somewhere in Havana. Whether he works with anyone else, I do not know, but most likely he distributes through some group in Miami. I want to find out about him."

"You will find the police eager to cooperate," Tio assured him.

"In this matter," Mr. Scoon said, "I prefer not to consult them." He made a delicate gesture with his hand. "Let us put it down to national pride. . . . I am told that you are well informed about Havana's underworld. For any useful information about this man I will pay generously—not less than a hundred dollars, and more if warranted."

It was one of those propositions which should involve no risk, even if it failed; and since Tio would be on the side of law and order, Amelia, who strongly preferred that alignment, could not object.

"The money is incidental," Tio said, "but if I can be of service to your great country, señor. . . ." He encountered the frozen blue of Mr. Scoon's eyes and abandoned the theme.

"Suppose we meet here the evening after next," Mr. Scoon said.

It was agreed, and Tio strolled home through the sociable streets of Havana, with the sunlight like a friendly arm across his shoulders.

It was nearly noon, and he was crossing the Park of Brotherhood, planning to be home at the lunch hour, as Amelia had requested, when he saw Bobo Madero, the customs inspector, seated on a park bench.

Bobo was an expert practitioner of the double-take; he not only augmented his small salary by accepting money for overlooking certain import and export regulations, but often doubled the profit by informing other authorities, Cuban or American, of the infraction. Tio would ordinarily have passed him by, but Bobo's knowledge of who came and went through the port of Havana was exceptional. Bobo's fat, sly face was tilted hopefully towards a window in the hotel across the street.

"I see I find you deep in thought," Tio said, sitting down beside him on the bench.

"Yesterday she got up at just this hour," Bobo said. "An American girl, by her sunburn. Ah, what a people!"

Tio seized this opening to introduce his inquiry. "I hear there are many tourists this season," he said. "Even including an American who has come here to make counterfeit money."

"What a pity, when there are so many fine careers," Bobo said.

"If there were such an American you would know of him," Tio persisted.

"Yes, it is true," said Bobo, who did not like to admit ignorance on any subject. "Our gallant police are much aroused about the matter. We are now checking the port entries for the past two weeks."

"By now, he will have vanished among the million people of Havana."

"Ah, but it is not so easy, my friend. It takes only a small slip to set the finger pointing. Two days ago someone bought a bag of coffee at the central market and paid for it with a new American ten-dollar bill. That was a mistake. Such a bill is not often seen at the market, and the stallholder was afraid of it. He took it to the bank, and it was counterfeit. But tell me—what does this American counterfeiter matter to you?"

Tio shrugged. "It was only the gossip of the café," he said.

He returned to the Mosca, which by now was well filled. Amelia was not only acting as cashier, but also serving the tables with the assistance of Pepe, her brother, a man of large heart and small mind. Her black eyes snapped with indignation at her husband.

Tio took refuge in the industrious performance of his duties. This evasion might have worked, but it became, through subsequent events, Count One in an indictment against him. . . .

Amelia was on the point of forgetting his neglect by late afternoon, especially in the excitement of a new dress for evening—a black Shantung silk, with half sleeves and a V-neck, a successful compromise between the alluring and the useful.

Thus winsomely arrayed, she had joined Tio at the counter a little self-consciously. When Tio noticed nothing at all, her self-consciousness turned to a sense of injury. She was first to bed, after the café closed, and her silent figure, curled rigidly at the edge of the mattress, was a symbol of protest which any husband should recognize.

But Tio did not recognize it, and Count Two was entered into the indictment.

COUNT THREE came the next day. She had gone early—about 6 a.m.—to the Mercado Unico, Havana's vast and teeming central market. She had bought her supplies and arranged for their delivery, and was standing at the kerb, hoping to find a taxi, when a car swung up, and from the rear seat a hand opened a door for her. Behind the hand was the smooth, handsome face, the broad shoulders of Captain Raoul Molina of the Cuban Secret Police, an old acquaintance.

"Welcome, señora," the captain greeted her. "Let me take you wherever you wish to go."

"I should not interrupt your official duties, Captain," Amelia said, stepping inside, none the less. "I am returning to the Café Mosca."

"Take a roundabout route," Molina ordered the driver. His bold eyes rested on Amelia's buxom figure. He had first met her through Tio, whose extra-legal activities before marriage had occasionally engaged his attention. He had entertained an ardent admiration for her from the start, but, as yet, he had been unable to express it in the manner he preferred.

"I would hardly expect to find you at the market," Amelia said.

"We were looking for someone who did not come."

"Aren't we all?" Amelia responded with a coquettish smile—she was still smarting from the failure of the black silk dress.

Tio stood with his back to the sofa, waiting

The captain laughed and moved closer. "I have something to ask you, señora," he said. "The patrons of your restaurant have many contacts in the field in which I operate. I wonder if you could find out something for me."

"We are always glad to assist the police, Captain."

"Yes, I know. There is an American counterfeiter in Havana. I am willing to pay five hundred dollars for any helpful information."

"That is always an attraction."

"Why not let it be a surprise to Tio?" Molina said with a bland smile. "Perhaps you could come to my office tomorrow evening."

Even in her present mood, Amelia had no intention of keeping this from Tio. She was indeed full of her story when she returned to

hopelessly to be searched. At that moment, Amelia appeared. She caused quite a sensation

the Café Mosca to find Tio having breakfast with Pepe.

"You are back early, my tuberose," Tio murmured from behind the morning paper.

"Captain Raoul Molina gave me a ride home. He wishes to make a date with me for tomorrow night."

"One could hardly blame him," Tio said tolerantly, and returned to his paper.

This was an error, and the third and fateful count was filed. Amelia pressed her lips together and said no more.

THAT afternoon, Bobo Madero waddled in for coffee. She did not like him—he made her hands feel sticky—but he seemed to have one eye glued to the world's keyhole, and he liked nothing better than to relate his discoveries to a pretty woman. But when she asked him if he had heard anything of an American counterfeiter in Havana, his reply surprised her.

"Oh, yes, Tio has already inquired about him," he said.

By the expression on her face, Bobo perceived that she did not know of Tio's attention to the matter; perhaps Tio was planning to return to the illegal pursuits which he had followed so skilfully in pre-marital days. If so, Amelia would be against it; everyone in the orbit of the Mosca knew how hard she had worked to keep Tio within the fold of honest restaurant keeping.

Bobo thrived on conflicts of interest; and somewhere in the tangle of Tio, the counterfeiter, the police and Amelia, there should be money for him.

"Yes," he continued, "I gathered that Tio was interested in making a connection with this man. Naturally, I did not encourage it."

Amelia stared at him. So Tio was breaking faith with her and returning to his lawless ways! This was a crisis. She must use drastic measures.

She slipped out to police headquarters that afternoon and was promptly admitted to Captain Molina's private office, where she began the conversation by imparting such news as she had of the counterfeiter. "But these things you already know," she said.

"To speak frankly, señora, we do," Molina replied. "However"—he bestowed upon her the smile of a man contemplating a really good roast of beef—"you surely deserve some part of the reward for your effort, which we hope will be continued."

"Thank you," she said, her mind preoccupied with the real purpose of her mission. "There is another thing, Captain—a matter close to my heart, on which you might help me."

"It is in matters close to your heart that I would particularly like to be of service," the captain declared.

"You are familiar with my husband's early career. . . . There are friends eager to lure him back into the old adventures. It troubles me."

"What lure can compete with yours, señora?"

"If something could be done to check him while there is time," Amelia said. "If you could perhaps pick him up for questioning—without official record, and without doing anything more—that alone would warn him."

Molina nodded. "Leave it to me, my dear lady. There will be no trouble."

"I shall be grateful," Amelia responded, rising.

The captain was glad to note that she was more relaxed. "We should meet again soon," he declared heartily. "Both for the reward—which I do not have at the moment—and for me to give you a report on Tio. But it might be better if you were not seen coming again to the police station. Why not meet me at my flat—say, tomorrow evening, at the same time?"

Amelia suppressed an inclination to laugh. The captain's wiles were obvious. Still, it might be wise to keep in touch with him, and certainly it was no more than Tio deserved.

"Yes, I could come for a few minutes," she agreed.

WHEN she left for her appointment next day, Tio was seated at a table chatting with Saavedra, a gun buyer for a Cuban revolutionary group. In his unbleached-linen suit, pink shirt and patterned tie, he looked so gentlemanly and law-abiding that her conscience disturbed her. Rather than subject it to further agitation, she slipped out without notifying him.

She intended to make her interview with Molina as brief as possible—although it is a fact that she was wearing the black silk dress—but it was shortly apparent that the captain had other ideas. In his comfortable flat, the lamps by the sofa gave a light inadequate for reading; on the low table in front there were flowers; and in a silver-plate bucket on a sideboard stood a bottle of champagne.

The captain, at ease in a maroon silk smoking jacket, indicated the last accessory with a disarming smile: "A visit from you is of such importance, señora, that you must permit me to celebrate it."

"I am honoured, Captain, but I can only be away from the restaurant a few minutes," Amelia replied.

"I know. I wish those minutes to be golden." Molina popped the cork, and the pale gold liquid bubbled into the waiting hollow-stemmed glasses. "It is the only drink in which to toast a beautiful woman." He raised his glass.

"Thank you," Amelia murmured with a pretty smile. The bubbles tickled her nostrils and slid down her throat with a whisper of good

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I deal in gems—and take the risks

by JEREMY CRISTIANI

A Hatton Garden merchant handles a sparkling fortune in pearls and precious stones, always threatened by accident—and theft

AT TWO O'CLOCK one cold afternoon last February the hidden bell which warns me of the approach of sudden visitors to my Hatton Garden office rang twice. I put away a tray of emeralds. A moment later the buzzer on my door sounded once. Because I was not expecting anyone at that time, I went to the slot beside the door, opened it an inch and asked: "What do you want?"

Two men were standing there, one tall and darkly dressed, the other very short. "We are from Paris," the short man said in broken English. "We hear you have several parcels of diamonds you wish to sell."

I demanded their references. When I had checked them and seen three distinguished signatures from the Paris diamond market, I closed the slot quickly and opened the door. I showed them my trays. The tall man was a connoisseur; he knew what he wanted. He picked the best diamonds I had, scrutinized them through a jeweller's lens and handed them to the short man, who nodded and took measurements with a diamond gauge.

The tall man selected four stones. "We will take these. What price, please?"

I took the stones. After a moment I said: "I could not let them go for less than four thousand eight hundred."

"Three hundred pounds a carat," calculated the short man. "That is reasonable. We will have them." He extracted a sheet of folded parchment from his pocket, placed the four diamonds in it and folded it again. "May we have some sealing-wax, please? You will hold the sealed package for us and we will return with the money tomorrow at two."

This was common procedure. I looked in my desk drawer for a stick of sealing-wax. We melted seals on each of the folds and the short man made a personal mark on each seal. When the wax had hardened, the pair left.

Neither man returned for the diamonds. This is not unusual. Often a client changes his mind when he has seen what he believes to be finer stones at other buyers. A week later I decided to return the diamonds to their original parcels. When I opened the folded parchment I found four small pieces of coal.

The men were never caught; they carried off this trick of substituting ready-made packets several times before other members of the gem trade were warned about them.

Anonymous—And No Guards

Thieves are one of the hazards of our business, but because we in London go about our business anonymously we do not need the armed guards that characterize the gem trade in New York.

Theft, robbery and, occasionally, loss, are unavoidable because the most important feature of the trade is the continuous brisk circulation of valuables. Recently, a well-known dealer handed me an emerald necklace, worth £850, which he had obtained from a smaller dealer who was trusted with it by a wealthy woman. Both dealers had failed to find a buyer; I thought I had a good prospect, so the necklace was loaned to me for a few days.

Usually I have my own taxi driver who takes me from one client to another at a flat rate of hire. On the day of my appointment with the prospect, my own driver was not available, and I had to hail a passing taxi. At the prospect's shop I dismissed the taxi. I went in and found the client in a good mood. "Well," he said, "let's have a look at it."

The necklace was not in my pockets. I ran out to the street but there was no sign of the taxi. In a moment I was back in the shop, feigning embarrassment. "You'll think it stupid of me," I said, "but I've left it at the office."

I arranged to return later that afternoon and, from a telephone box, called Scotland Yard. I gave them an elaborate description of the jewellery, but the only thing I could remember about the driver was the back of his head. His neck twitched.

An hour and a half later the driver was located and the emeralds found. They were sold later that afternoon.

Losses through carelessness of this kind are rare in our trade; but we become so accustomed to handling fortunes that we often forget about proper security. Few dealers take adequate precautions—until something similar to my experience happens to them.

The smaller brokers, who do not work from an office, often meet colleagues in the street. Their conversation may lead to a prospective sale, and if one man has an article which the other believes he can sell, he thinks nothing of turning it over and completing the transaction on the street corner.

Peephole In Office Doors

Many more precautions are taken in the cluttered, dimly lit offices that centre on Hatton Garden, where most of the bulk transactions for gems are first made. Even the smallest concern in this area will not admit a visitor until he has been observed through a slot in the door. There are thousands of pounds worth of jewellery, loose stones and pearls lying about inside, on show tables, in trays and cases, and in the opened safe.

I remember an eccentric old dealer who took every possible precaution—except one. For years he had been a pigeon lover; he liked to leave his window open and allow the birds to feed from his desk. Several years ago I had a pearl necklace he might have been interested in. I made my way up the three flights of

Pearls are deceptive: even Cristiani, an expert,

Trusting each other implicitly, small brokers do business worth thousands of pounds in the streets. Often, only the briefest note is kept

was surprised to find a pearl worth six times its price

Experts mark gems before cutting. Cristiani once had a broken stone perfectly recut

narrow stairs. Inside, I noticed that the windows were tightly shut and that he was not smiling. In fact, he was in such a bad humour that I decided to show him the necklace another time. But before I left I asked him why he was so ill-tempered.

"Watch the papers," was all he said: "One of these days some fancier is going to find a pearl inside his pigeon pie. It'll be mine."

Many dealers in Hatton Garden trade almost exclusively in pearls. For anyone but an expert it is impossible to tell the difference between a real and a cultured pearl; in many cases the lustre of the cultured is more perfect. We have gentlemen's agreements in case of error in judging a pearl. If a man buys what he thinks is a real pearl and it turns out to be cultured after a test by the Chamber of Commerce gemmological laboratories, the deal is automatically cancelled.

On one occasion I bought a cultured pearl for £10. The Chamber of Commerce test proved it to be real and worth at least £60. It was authenticated with an endoscope, a device which projects a beam of light through a hollow needle into the bore of the pearl. If it is real, the light will "bend" through the strata of pearl skins and show through the other end of the bore.

The value of a pearl is increased if a dealer finds a perfect match for it in weight, size and colour. Once, at an auction, I bought a diamond necklace with a drop-pearl at the bottom. The diamonds soon found a buyer, but I cut off the pearl and kept it in my safe, hoping one day to match it. Several months later, when I was liquidating a colleague's stock, I found a parcel of his pearls that had been in my safe for almost a year. Among them was one which matched perfectly the pearl from the necklace. I immediately cabled an importer in the United States and he bought them at once. Separately they were worth about £100 each; together they were worth £300.

Several years ago a dealer walked into a colleague's shop and asked to see his pearl stock. He looked through them carefully and seemed to be making mental notes of their sizes. The shop dealer became suspicious and was ready to boost his price at the first hint of a glint in the other's eye. But the man went through the tray without apparently finding one. At last the shopkeeper asked as casually as he could: "Trying to make a match?"

The dealer grunted noncommittally.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," the shopkeeper said. "I've got three more trays in the back room. I'll let you look at them, but first let me buy a half-interest in your pearl. If you find a match, I'll let you buy a half-interest in mine. Then, when we get a good price for the pair, we can split the profit."

That has been a popular method ever since.

Emerald Dropped And Broke

Everyone in the trade carries heavy insurance which protects the goods he handles against damage, loss, theft and some types of accidents. Premiums range from £50 to £1,000 a year. Some freelance brokers who work without an office pay premiums as high as £5 a week.

I was showing a pair of emerald drop earrings to a shop merchant recently, and he was so overcome by their great beauty and the history attached to them that his hand shook and one dropped on the glass counter. A sliver of emerald, almost too minute to see but worth about £80, broke off. Fortunately, the shopkeeper was covered against accidents of that sort. Later I had the broken emerald skilfully recut, and the pair found a buyer who did not mind that one stone was slightly smaller than the other.

Once, a London pearl dealer—one of the biggest in the European trade—sustained a personal loss because his insurance company refused to accept the liability. The dealer had his own formula for an oil mixture to improve the lustre of pearls. One night he took some home in a jar of oil and decided to let them soak overnight on top of a warm stove. In the morning he found that a draught had revived the fire, the glass jar had burst and pearls worth £3,000 had been reduced to chalky calcium.

It takes thirty or forty years of honest dealing, of acquiring the trust and implicit faith of the wealthier concerns, to become a middleman in the profession. Brokers are usually people like myself who have met success in other branches of the gem trade and have decided to go out on their own. For obvious security reasons a broker does not publicise his profession, and that is why I have not put my real name to this article.

The favourite delusion of people who know nothing about the precious stones business is that we are all multi-millionaires who make exorbitant profits which enable us to summer on the Riviera every year. It is true that some make a very good income if they have capital behind them and do not gamble too much with stones. But for most, the profits are just enough to live on and are a poor return for thirty years of gemmological apprenticeship.

The Value Of Experience

A wealthy dowager, who had inherited a diamond ring from a relative, once decided to have it valued and reinsured. She went to the best shop in London and insisted that the manager should do the job personally. The dean of London's gemmologists, the manager never deals with a customer unless he is in the £10,000 bracket. At the counter he scrutinized the ring and handed it back.

"One thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, madam, is the retail price you would have to pay if you lost this ring and wanted to replace it on the open market."

"Thank you," said the woman, as she turned away.

"And thank you, madam," the dealer smiled. "That will be five guineas, please."

"But it's only taken you five minutes."

"Madam," said the gemmologist with a wry smile, "it's taken me fifty years." THE END

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by ***DAVID DIVINE***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

There was no going back. They were trapped together high in the rocks, and knew there was only one choice before them: to kill or be killed

ANTHONY STOPFORD and Lisette Lemaire had been hounded out of the Boer community in the Transvaal. The young lovers were riding out into the unknown perils of the bushveld—to find a sanctuary where they would be free to marry. It was a trek which could only end in tragedy—either for themselves or for the man who rode in pursuit of them.

Stopford, a young Englishman, had found gold near the Lemaires' farm, but had never mined it; for old Lemaire, Lisette's father, had persuaded him that gold-mines would destroy the Boer farmers, who hated "progress" and money.

But the younger Boers, led by Lemaire's son Jonathan, thought differently. Jonathan had vast commercial plans for the country, had tried unsuccessfully to make Stopford help him by exploiting the gold. Old Lemaire had now disowned his son; he swore he would shoot him if ever he betrayed the gold.

In a final effort to force Stopford's hand, Jonathan had branded him over the whole countryside as "an English spy." Now Stopford, he reasoned, was bound to defend himself by revealing his "strike." But Jonathan's plans had misfired. Lisette, because of her association with Stopford, had been attacked as a traitor and nearly lynched by the Boer women. The couple had run away.

They hardly knew where they were heading. They dared not camp anywhere for more than a few hours. For one day's march behind them rode Jonathan and some of the young Boers. Old Lemaire rode, too, with his elder son Andries; he still hoped to prevent bloodshed, but his heart was heavy. He knew that Jonathan meant to kill Stopford. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Edge Of The World

IT was as if the land piled up towards the east in a last immense wave of anger. There was little grass here. Broken rock, grey, lichened and torn with weather, lifted out of it with white veins of quartz among it and sheltered screes of white and grey at the foot of each bastion: it was like a slighted fortress, damaged not by man but only by the elemental hand of time.

There was no path the way Stopford and Lisette went, only tracks that might perhaps have been traced by the constant feet of game, and there seemed no end to its upward surging.

So, when the end came, they were not ready for it, and as the horses rose above the last deceptive brow there was suddenly before them no world but only sky, only an endless reaching into distance, towards banks of cloud that floated level with them but very far away, and below the cloud, dark shadow from the young evening. Only when they had studied that shadow, concentrated on it, dissected it, could they see that under it there was the purple of the ground again.

Lisette broke the silence. "It's the edge of the world!" For a moment she hesitated, and then turned with a shining face to Stopford. "And the beginning of a new one."

"Yes, it's another world," he said. "We can leave the open veld behind us now. I think I've become afraid of grass." He was speaking very slowly, his words sticking. After a pause he went on: "There's been a terror in these last days."

She nodded sadly. "I've felt it. There was no place to hide."

For a long while Stopford contemplated soberly the immense upward surge of the cliff below them. Immediately at their feet it was like a house wall buffeted by weather, but smooth, sheer, impassable.

At last he said, without turning: "There's no way down here."

Lisette responded so quickly that anxiety was apparent and certain. "Then we must go back to the grass?"

"Yes," he said. "We must go back."

She put out her hand, groping for him, and he saw that her eyes were so full of tears that she could not see. Striding back to her, he put his hand round hers and held it.

"It will be all right, my darling," he assured her. "It will be all right. It can't fail now."

They mounted and turned to ride away from Pisgah.

WHEN they camped that night, still high in the mountains, the cold air of the small hours whistled over them. Three hours after dawn they found the path. It was a game path—that was clear from the beginning—but men had used it and cattle had used it. It went first upwards, then struck north and then east again, then down in a strange, break-neck traverse along the cliff face, by ledges that died but recovered again almost at the point of vanishing, by little loose slopes of scree, by broken water-courses and by sheer earth slides.

Mostly they walked, holding the horses behind them. The mare was showing signs of lameness, but they could not rest her. They went on, not eating, not waiting, driven by the wings of the terror that had taken the two of them in the night, the cold night on the edge of the grass, the bitter night in the open.

At dusk they came to a ravine of heavy verdure, tree ferns that mocked them out of an antique time, spreading trees and a dark dampness underfoot and flowers.

The air was heavy, very warm, and in a dry place they camped, making their bed—but they lit no fire.

The night was full of little noises: tree frogs and crickets, night birds that stirred and churred, that went by sometimes on wings that did not whistle like the upland birds, but soughed through the air in heavy beats. There were no jackals. Stopford missed their high ululation, but after midnight they heard the coughing grunt of a lion hunting.

He felt Lisette pressing against him, but she said nothing, made no other movement, and they lay through the hours half between sleeping and waking; wary, alert, yet strangely not afraid, not afraid as they had been the night before on the last ridge of the Berg.

The sun woke them. It streamed into the little clearing where they lay and they wakened to a strange, unreal interplay of light that made the place exquisite and improbable. The light came filtering through the leaves of a drift of small trees that marched down the slope below them, and at the far side of the clearing a stream ran through sand that was silver white in the light. The water itself was brown from the mountain stains, rich as a thin wine, snatching at every play of light that came from the leaves or from the rocks or from the high lunette of sky between the branches. They sat together on the blankets looking at it wonderingly, for it had come to seem that there was only grass in the world.

He said slowly and almost puzzled: "A lion is dangerous, but it is not evil. We have been afraid of evil."

"We've left it behind us," Lisette said. "They'll never find us here. We've passed out of one world into another. The water runs in this world. Look!" They watched a tiny flotilla of leaves go slowly down the stream.

Later, they ate, washing down their food with cold water, for with a last look over his shoulder towards the Berg, Stopford still would not light a fire. They had the feeling that in the wall of the mountain above them, the wall that they could not see because of the thickness of the trees in the grove, there might be heads leant forward, searching, watching and evil.

When they had eaten and packed the last of the shrinking store of food, Stopford said: "I'll go down for the horses."

"Can't we stay here?" she pleaded suddenly. "I've been so happy."

He kissed her. "I've been happier, too, happier than ever in my life before. I think it would be well to go while we can have this always for a memory. There is so little in the world that is perfect."

USING a stick and a pebble, the native said: "Here was the *kraal* of 'Ntandeli and from it you go down the big valley first, then up the little valley." He traced a rough cross in the grey ash of the fire. "The *kraal* is not there now and 'Ntandeli is dead since the Bapedi came, but the path is there. White men have used it."

"He lies," Bezuidenhout growled.

"Be quiet!" said Jonathan harshly. "He has seen them. They went down the path two days ago and they spent the night in a *kloof* at the bottom. They did not see him."

"How?" demanded Bezuidenhout with a snort of disgust.

"He stood in the shadow of an ant-heap. The white man, he says, looked at him but didn't see him."

"How far is this pass?" Bezuidenhout demanded.

The native shrugged his shoulders. "Half a day."

Jonathan considered for a moment. "Saddle

Stopford waited tensely until he had a certain target. The moment came, and he called out sharply: "Jonathan!" The boy's head jerked round

up!" he said. All three of them looked at the weary horses. They had gone farther than the hunted ones. There had been the fruitless journey to the Lemaires' farm and back, and Stopford's false trail to the eastward had thrown them out. Only long riding and counter riding had found the spoor again.

"We'll take him with us." Bezuidenhout looked at the native. "He can track for us in the bush."

"We'll lose time with him," said Jonathan, weighing the possibilities, "but in the end we may gain. He can run at the stirrup."

Bezuidenhout, towering over the sitting man, said: "You will run, but if you try to run away I will shoot you." He whipped suddenly round to Jonathan. "And, by God, I would like to shoot your father, too! He is like an *aasvoël*, a vulture—he and Andries there!" He looked furiously up the ridge to where Lemaire and Andries sat endlessly watching, as they had watched for the eight days of the hunt.

Jonathan said: "Leave them! There is nothing we can do here on the high veld—nothing that we could have done. Always they had the fresher horses. In the bush veld we can lose them."

Bezuidenhout pulled at his lip angrily. "A nigger who lies, and your father still on top of us! I am tired of this chase. There's no sense in it, Jonathan. What drives you?"

"An Englishman," answered Jonathan with a weary patience, "who has a plan against us and who has stolen the girl you wanted."

"If he has no plan against us I will beat the life out of you, Jonathan! François, wake up!"

"I am awake," retorted Malan stolidly, "and I say that this is all nonsense. Let's go!"

Bezuidenhout tightened the girth brutally. Then he shouted at the native, "Lead and hurry!". He lifted the rhinoceros-hide *sjambok* on his wrist menacingly and cut through the air.

Then, suddenly wheeling in his saddle, he shouted up the ridge: "Go home, old man! Go home!"

LEMAIRE, his face grey with weariness, but his movements still strong and alert, climbed into his saddle, and Andries said: "If the native knows where they are, this may be the end of things."

"No," said Lemaire, "Anthony has done very well so far for a man who does not know the country. He will be watchful. I do not yet understand this. It may be that they have hit the edge of the Berg too far to the south and have not been able to get down."

"Perhaps there is another path to the south?"

"I do not know it," answered Lemaire, "but I have always used the trek path—the easy way."

They rode on. It was as if they were attached to the other three by an invisible chain. Lemaire pondered the problem of Bezuidenhout. It was clear that he was tired, angry with tiredness. It might be possible to separate him now from the others.

But that would still leave Malan: he had small hope of Malan, and even if he separated him, too, Jonathan would go on alone. He knew that with the infinite, unboylike patience of his nature, the acrid patience of the hunter, Jonathan had ignored him all this while. That same acrid patience, the underlying hostility out of which it came, would take him to the end.

Many hours later, Bezuidenhout, with the native, turned through a narrow gully between two cliffs, and Lemaire said slowly: "It is as I thought—there is here a path to the low country."

Bezuidenhout strode through the place of the night camp. The scurr of his feet muddied the wine-coloured water of the stream. "They made no fire," he said, "and it is because they are afraid—more afraid of us than of the lions. Huh!" He grunted heavily. He had no real conception of that fear.

Jonathan, thinking more analytically, could feel his sister's terror. He looked round the camp sardonically.

"Now"—he nodded to the native—"he must find them for us."

Bezuidenhout swirled his *sjambok* through the air. It cut with a noise like a snake. "Find them," he shouted. "Find them!"

The trail was easy enough to find, pathetically easy. In this softened earth there was no chance of concealment. Steadily, with his terrible, inhuman patience, Jonathan followed where they had gone, always recovering from the checks, always moving on.

Lower down the slopes they reached a stretch of savannah, long elephant grass and trees more widely spaced.

As they entered it, Bezuidenhout saw, standing in the shade, an eland cow. His gun came to his shoulder but, as it reached it, he heard Jonathan's furious voice: "Don't be a fool! If they are close they'll hear us."

"You are mad besides having the Devil in you!" Bezuidenhout shouted back. "We need

HOW THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN LOOKS TO A YOUNG COUPLE

'Look! There are milk and plain chocolates in the new VOGUE'

'Seeing how it's done' at Cadbury's Factory in a Garden at Bournville, Jean and Richard found plenty to surprise and fascinate them. But the thing that struck them most forcibly was the 'un-factory-ness' of Bournville—the beautiful gardens, the playing fields, the swimming pool—everything that makes Cadburys such a different kind of factory.

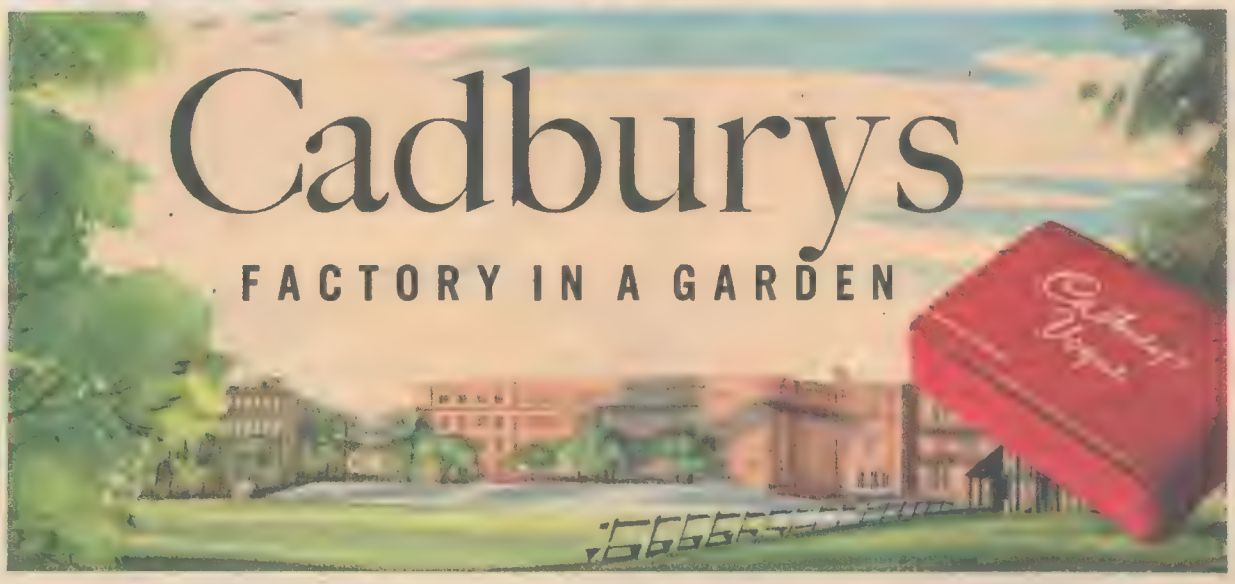
WITH MILITARY PRECISION cup-shaped cremes march forward pace by pace to receive their share of strawberry.

THESE APPETIZING MOUNDS of whole brazil nuts are destined soon to receive a thick covering of Cadburys rich, full cream milk chocolate.

A SHADY NOOK, screened from the factory by trees and shrubs and complete with pond and lilies, is a grand place to rest after lunch.

'HOW'S THAT?' Absolutely first rate, the visitors think, to have all these sports—cricket, tennis, swimming and everything, right on the doorstep.

SELECTED FRENCH CHERRIES, steeped in syrup, now take a tumble into soft white sugar. Another of the many delicious centres that make millions say 'I want Cadburys'.



meat. I am hungry, man, I tell you. I am hungry!"

The eland cow had vanished.

"Dismount!" said Jonathan. "Now we must talk this over. We cannot go on as we are. Nine days we have ridden, and when they are perhaps not half a day away, when we know that one of their horses is lame and that they cannot go far, you would spoil it all for a little fresh meat. What sort of a fool will you look when you get back to the high veld? The man who rode to punish the Englishman who stole his girl, and stopped in sight of them! God, man, you make me sick!"

Malan leaned against a tree, regarding them both without sympathy and without curiosity. He was as tired of these quarrels as he was of this fruitless chase.

* * *

The mare was very lame now. Stopford, examining the damaged fetlock, could find only a wide swelling; there was no external mark.

He said over his shoulder to Lisette: "We'll have to find a place where we can camp and rest her. They both need rest now, and I think"—he turned and looked at her with a sudden compassion in his eyes—"I think we do, too. We'll find a place near the river."

"I think that will be the Crocodile River," she said, looking at him almost supplicatingly. "I know so little more now—so very little!"

He smiled at her and asked gently: "What more do you need to know? You have brought us here; and here, I think, we're safe from them. Presently we'll go on again until we find the Portuguese. This hides us."

They came to the river in the silence of the noon hush sooner than he expected. No beasts moved, and the monkeys in the trees were quiet.

THE lion struck out of the silence in a quick swirl of gold. They did not see it: Stopford was down the bank a little; the mare left behind; Lisette had ridden twenty yards down the path. They knew nothing till the sudden high-pitched scream of a horse in agony and in terror slashed with a quick brutality across the silence.

Stopford came in one bound to the level of the bank and, as he reached it, he saw the lion. The mare was rearing up, disembowelled and bloody, the lion was turning in an unbelievably elastic movement to spring at its throat. For a second he did nothing, paralysed by the improbability of it; then suddenly his gun was at his shoulder and almost without volition he had pulled the trigger. Instantly, in a golden streak, he saw the lion leap for the tall grass.

Lisette sat frozen to the saddle, her lips bloodless, her eyes searching the grass. His own eyes watched, too, wary, filled with an infinite suspicion. This had been sanctuary. When he had reloaded he went to the mare, undid the girth and took off the saddle.

They went on, not talking, the blood-covered saddle resting on the crupper of Lisette's horse, and in a short while they came to a place where the track ran diagonally across the bank into the water and seemed to come up on the farther side. Sounding with a pole, they crossed the river. There was no sign of crocodiles.

Ahead of them there was a low hill, a *kopje* of granite. Great smooth slabs lay under the sun like whalebacks; at the top there was a cluster of gigantic boulders, enormous rounded rocks that towered like the ruins of a fortress. About it there was a girdle of small trees, thorns and thin, stunted palms, and out of the boulders of the top grew one great tree, very old, umbrella-like, and gnarled with the weathers. The path bent to the eastward from the ford, but Stopford turned off without hesitation to the west, and Lisette followed him.

"We'll camp here," he said. "The river curves right round these rocks. On three sides at least we'll be safe. This place is a fortress." There was in his voice a new buoyancy.

Up on the rock above them they heard the deep, grunting signal of a sentinel baboon. They found a place for a camp in the circle of rock, a cove hollowed out of the main mass of the granite.

Stopford helped Lisette stiffly from the saddle and held her for a moment. "It couldn't be helped about the mare. It has happened, and that's all there is to it. I don't think she would have been any use, anyway. It means only that we'll be longer on the road. We'll get over that, but now we must rest, and the horse, too. There's grass enough here for him to eat for the first two days." Again there was the cough of a baboon, and he added lightly: "We'll leave them alone. They will look out for us."

LEMAIRE stared at the footprints in the stream. Half of them were obliterated by the hoof-scars of Jonathan's horses, but there were enough left to make the story clear.

He said to Andries: "The mare was very lame and Anthony was leading her. Lisette was still riding. They cannot be far." He made a little gesture of despair. "I had hoped that if they had gone far enough, Bezuidenhout would break the thing up in his folly. That will not happen now. There is no plan that we can make except to try and give them warning. But it is necessary that you should know this, Andries: if Jonathan shoots at Stopford, I will myself shoot him."

He seemed to expand a little as he said this, to straighten his shoulders, as if a last and final decision had been made. There was a brief silence before he continued sadly: "He is my son, but there is no rest for us and no peace while he lives, I think, and there is no peace for our land. What is it in him that has brought this? What is it in me? What have I left undone?" He looked up with a sudden anguish in his face. "I did not need proof that gold was evil. I knew it before this. Why should this thing be on me?"

His eyes fastened on Andries again. "If I fail—if I am myself shot—you must take this upon yourself. Do you see that?"

Andries nodded very slowly, but when he

Continued on page 39

THE STRANGE LAND

by HAMMOND INNES

NEXT week JOHN BULL begins publication of a great new novel by Hammond Innes. It is called *The Strange Land*—and it is one of the most absorbing and dramatic stories this master of adventure has ever written.

Innes's talent for painting a scene, for creating an atmosphere crackling with danger, is a quality that has sent him rocketing to the top of the best-seller lists. It is a quality that is abundantly shown in this fine novel.

The "strange land" is—Morocco. There, Philip Latham, an English smuggler turned missionary, waits for a doctor for his mission in the hills. But the man who comes is no ordinary doctor, and his reason for coming is not ordinary. He is a wanted man. . . .

Then, overnight, Latham's world turns upside down. His mission is destroyed. The sole survivor is a girl called Julie Corrigan. Latham finds himself with two people on his hands.

Together, the three of them are drawn into a fantastic quest: to the Zone of Insecurity—the bare, pitiless land beyond the Atlas Mountains. This is the land of the Berbers, pale-skinned, feudal . . . a little-known world of palmeries and kasbahs.

With its fascinating, authentic detail, it is a scene that haunts the memory long after one has read the book. The story, as taut and compelling as the author's famous *Campbell's Kingdom*, is certain to be one of the top best-sellers of 1954.

To be sure of reading every instalment of this superb serial, place a regular order now with your newsagent. The first long instalment, brilliantly illustrated by Fred Laurent, appears. . . .

Latham and Julie among the ruins of the mission

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

RAMPS DOWN! (3) *by Murdoch C. McDougall*

We win a battle – and I lose a friend

Worse than snipers and dive-bombers, worse than the feeling of utter exhaustion, was the endless waiting . . . waiting in silence for the attack that must come. Even the frogs seemed to be mocking us

THE SIGHT OF that great white, sinister tower—an observation-post, we had been told, for the gun battery that was our objective—filled me with abysmal dismay. For we had been told something else—that the tower would be a mass of rubble when we reached it. And there it was, as far as I could see, undamaged.

It was early on the morning of D-Day, and we had just fought our way across a long stretch of open beach. I stared at the tower for a few seconds. Then I realized that there was no time for thought.

There to the left of the tower, some hundred yards from us, was the other section of the troop, from whom we had become separated during the approach to the battery. They were moving in extended order among the bomb-craters towards the gun emplacements at the far end of the battery enclosure. We ran out into the open after them.

Once clear of the shelter of the houses overlooking the edge of the battery, we came under small arms fire which seemed to arrive from both sides, and buzzed and crackled around us in a most disconcerting way. The ground was churned and cratered everywhere, but that probably helped us to present a more difficult target as we bobbed about among the huge holes. As we could not return the fire, there was nothing for it but to run, hope, take cover, and hope. We crossed about two hundred yards of open ground in this way, when the other section reached the first of the emplacements. Just then we reached two craters, beside which lay the bodies of two of the other section, and as we dived into the welcoming earth a hail of bullets spattered around us. This fire could come only from the tower, which now lay directly behind us. Two-thirds of the way up there was a slit on the two seaward sides, normally used for observation but from which, in emergency, a machine-gun could be used.

I yelled to the Bren-gunner, who needed no second bidding. His gun clattered into action

In the brilliance of the flare was a solitary German. His dodging movement and the sweep of Carlin's arm hurling the grenade were simultaneous

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED BANBERRY

right away, and the odd tracers showed he was hitting in and around the slit. I looked at the two figures lying so still between the craters. Both were dead.

As we prepared to move off, another figure rose from a nearby crater and staggered towards us, dragging his Bren in his left hand. Petrified, we watched the stumbling man. He lurched towards us, then stopped almost at the edge of our crater and teetered drunkenly on the brink. It was McDermott, strong, sandy-haired and argumentative, who had been hit in the right shoulder, and whose right side was now smothered in blood. White of face and with unseeing eyes, he swayed, and as he did so a burst from somewhere feathered a line in the sand by his feet. Someone leaped up, grabbed him and bundled him in. "Take ma Bren," he said, "an' gie us a rifle."

Hugged The Loose Sand

As they were relieving McDermott of his magazines, those who were watching to the front shouted out, "They're coming back," and sure enough the thin line of men could be seen a hundred yards away leaving the emplacements and heading in our direction. I called to the Bren gunners to keep up the fire on the slit until the others arrived, but their firing was suddenly drowned by a whistling, screaming roar, followed almost instantly by a cracking explosion. Then another and another, until the whole universe seemed to be disintegrating. The ground all round us heaved and shuddered, earth and flame spurted with each successive crash, and the air was filled with dirty brown smoke and the tang of cordite.

Grimly, we hugged the loose sand, while the Brens still chattered at the tower. Then through the smoke came the other section. Dash, down, up. Dash, down. Len Coulson, the troop commander, hurled himself into the crater.

"Where the hell have you been? They've taken the big guns out, so there's nothing we can do over there. This shelling's getting worse, so we'll pull out to the road again. Follow us up when we go."

"Right."

Len crawled to the lip of the crater, dragged himself out and dashed towards the next, followed by Peter Mercer-Wilson and the other section. In the crater, the Brens and riflemen still kept up a steady fire on the tower, and on a machine-gun post outside the battery which someone had somehow spotted amidst the hellish upheaval. We gave them a start of fifty yards, then, group by group, we dashed after them, keeping well spaced out as we crossed the open.

Machine-gun Crews Killed

On reaching the road, we found the other troops also withdrawing from the battery position, and "E" troop reported that their three gun emplacements were also empty of big guns. "D" troop, in their first rush upon the battery area defences, had taken more than a hundred prisoners, and the crews of many machine-gun posts had been killed. At least it had been ascertained that the battery contained nothing to hinder the landing of the follow-up troops later in the day.

For a short time we rested by the rucksacks, while there was some sort of conference. Apparently we were to go ahead and link up behind the rest of the brigade, which by now was speeding inland to join with the Airborne across the River Orne and the canal.

Len lumbered up. He had his rucksack on, so we heaved ourselves to our feet and got our loads on, too. As we moved off, he explained that we would have to make a short detour on the way inland, because the original route was still held by enemy armour. He gave out a number of maps of the district, the first we had seen, and we studied the unfamiliar place-names as we marched.

When we reached the crossroad where we had first come under mortar-fire, we turned left on to a long straight road that ran directly inland. It was raised a little above the level of the fields on each side and seemed entirely devoid of cover.

After a few minutes, shots began to crackle overhead, but as none was seen to strike ground anywhere we hoped they were part of the tank battle raging on our original route.

We had gone about a mile when mortar bombs began to burst in the fields on each side of us, and we had to find some sort of cover. I dived into the lee of a low wall. Across the road, I could see a Bren carrier on its side, its crew lying around it, all dead except for one man who sat clasping his stomach and gazing stupidly at the thin trickle of dark red blood that coursed slowly between his fingers. He paid no heed to anything around him. I wondered,pitying,how long he would last, and what his thoughts were as his life trickled away so inexorably.

I had little time for such thought, as we surged forward again. By now the sun was high in the sky, and as we sweated through the green countryside, with the straps of the rucksacks biting into our shoulders, it was exactly like a hundred other marches we had done in the past. From the top of a rise, however, we looked back to the beaches, and to the craft that were plying busily to and fro, leaving little feathery white trails in the blue of the water. Then, too, we saw the Luftwaffe in action.

Some of our tanks were passing us two hundred yards to our right, when with a screaming roar a German plane swooped down, straddled the field with five bombs, machine-gunned the tank, zoomed upwards and was promptly shot down by three angry Spitfires which had appeared from nowhere. "Bloody good show!" came a voice as we plodded on.

Now we could hear the sound of firing ahead, and piles of German equipment in the ditches and slit-trenches, which were deserted but for the dead, showed there had been some resistance to the Airborne as they closed on the bridges. Then we came to the bridges themselves. As we tramped down a slope towards a cluster of houses, we were met by an Airborne officer I happened to know.

Over The Ditch Of Death

"Well, I'm damned," he said, "I never thought you'd get this far. Watch yourself when you cross the bridge, though—there's a sniper in a pillbox who's done quite a bit of damage already." I passed the news back and we dashed across the bridge and ducked down into the field on the left of the road. On the right, within fifty yards of the bridge which had been its objective, lay the nearest of three gliders. I thought it must have been a devilish job navigating, with so many rivers in the district.

About a hundred yards from the bridge, we came to a broad ditch, which ran directly across our path. It had dried into a thick, slimy mud. The leading man tried to jump, failed because of the rucksack, and sank to his thighs in the mire. He struggled through, but it would have taken ages to get everyone across like that, and time was growing short. Peter Mercer-Wilson came

Continued on page 30

The beaches, where defenders have all the advantages, are crossed. Now the Commandos advance inland. Into those huge rucksacks is crammed everything a fighting man may need in a fortnight

The love race

by ***JOHN CAMPBELL***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Romance? Nothing was farther from my thoughts. Then—*wallop!*—the prettiest blue-eyed blonde you ever saw lay helpless at my feet

FOR SOME TIME, the makers of Cotswold-Clobber tractors have camouflaged their products by turning them out finished in agricultural shades of brown and green. "Matchless machinery in the livery of the matchless countryside of Britain," to quote the company's literature. It was a slogan that gave pleasure, no doubt, to the bright publicity man who dreamed it up; but little comfort to us salesmen. The fact is, farmers like their machinery gaudily painted; you've only to look at an old farm cart to confirm that.

This particular Saturday afternoon I was cursing the colour scheme with personal venom. A grey drizzle lay on the land like a grounded strato-cumulus, visibility was down to nearly zero, and somewhere, within a mile radius of where I stood slowly sinking into the quagmire, was a Cotswold-Clobber tractor in distress. I had to find it.

It was just a part of the after-sales service, but I'd have waited for the weather to ease up if old Judson hadn't added on the phone that he was thinking of buying one of our new muck spreaders.

The sale of a muck spreader was just what my record card needed; in fact, to improve the anaemic condition of my record card I'd have gone out in a tempest. I said I'd be right along to see to the tractor. And then, when I'd rung off, it occurred to me that I had not asked whereabouts on his land the body lay. And when I called at the farm to find out, the place was shut up.

I'd been playing hunt-the-tractor for over an hour now, and my ardour, like everything else I'd started out with, was damp. I was standing by a field gate, wondering which was the best way back to the car. Quite suddenly, I began to hear a rapid succession of rhythmical splashes, growing steadily louder. Into sight, a moment later, there came through the mist a girl—at the double. She was wearing blue running pants, a scarlet vest and about half the county in the form of mud.

Before you could say Women's Amateur Athletic Association, she had put out a hand to the top of the gate and was vaulting over it. Next thing she was sprawled at my feet, having made a crash landing. For a moment she seemed to be dazed. Then she put a hand up to her head. "Oh, Harry," she gasped, "I can't go on. . . ."

She stopped, having run out of breath. I said: "Try it again, with the gate open. It's not locked." I had troubles enough, without girl athletes throwing themselves over gates at me.

Besides, this one seemed to belong to someone called Harry. Harry could have her.

I was congratulating myself on not being Harry, when the girl looked up, and I took it all back. Her face, even with the mud on it, was beautiful—cheekbones rather high; eyes large, blue, appealing; nose tip tilted. I helped her up.

"I've got a car at the shallow end," I said. "Can I take you somewhere?"

"Oh, th-thank you," she said. A pretty little voice. She shook the rain out of her fair hair, and I stood back. We did not talk again until we got to the firm's car. I put her inside, wrapped a rug round her, and said: "Where to? Harringay? White City?"

She named an address on the outskirts of Gracebridge, a full three miles as the crow flies from the gate in Judson's field.

"Harry was g-going to . . ." she began. She was shivering so much I finished the sentence for her. "Was going to give you a piece of his mind for being out on a day like this dressed like that, I should hope," I said.

She giggled. "You don't know Harry," she said. "He was going to wait at the gate and time me. I suppose it was too wet. Harry's my coach."

"Well, that's something," I said. "Better than having him for a husband."

"He will be one day," the girl said. "He's going to announce our engagement the day I w-win the Four Counties' Cross Country."

"*You* don't sound so crazy about the idea."

"Mum is," the girl said. "And I suppose I am, in a way. I'm lucky to be asked. Harry is Harry Mapester. He's got the big sports-goods shop in Gracebridge. You must have heard of him."

"I don't use sports shops," I said.

SHE sighed. "Mum was Elsie Swanley. You'll be saying you don't know her next. The Elsie Swanley. Five times sprint champion—it's still a record. I believe you *didn't* know."

"You believed absolutely right," I said. "What's *your* name, by the way?"

"Betty," she said. "Betty Brixham." She suddenly began to laugh. Hysteria, I thought. Probably running a temperature after her soaking. "Oh, it *is* lovely," she went on, "you've no idea how lovely it is—your not knowing about my mother."

"Sorry," I said.

"Oh, please don't be," she said. "I'm sick to death of meeting people who *do* know. I'm sick of being Elsie Swanley's girl and being told what a pity I'm not a sprinter. I'm sick of people who carry stop-watches and talk about nothing except 'clipping' minutes and seconds off and doing better next time."

"You sound pretty sick, Betty," I said. "Why do you spend Saturday afternoons this way, if you feel like that?"

"D'you think I like it?" she said. "Gosh, if you knew how I loathed it. If you knew how I envied the girls in the office going off to the pictures or to dances. If you only knew. . . ."

"Then why——"

"Oh, Lord," she said, "because of Mum and Harry and not letting them down. Because I've never been any good at anything, and I've got to be." She was almost tearful.

I drove the rest of the way slowly, and Betty told me the story—about her mother's marriage to a hurdler, about their plan to raise a family of Olympic athletes, about her father's death when Betty, their only child, was a notably unathletic ten-year-old.

Still, her mother planned for her to be a champion. They tried her at everything, but it was no good.

"Poor Mum," Betty said. "I was her sort of ugly duckling. Not even a duckling," she added moodily. "I can't swim for toffee."

"And not even ugly," I said.

"Then Harry came along," she said, "and suggested to Mum that I might try cross-country, and that he'd coach me."

And Harry, to her astonishment and her mother's delight, had discovered in her some proficiency in this branch of human endeavour. After that, there was no escape for her.

"No escape anywhere," she said glumly.

"Cheer up," I said. "When you're twenty-one and an adult in the eyes of the law you can tell this Harry to take a running jump."

"I was twenty-one last season," Betty said. "I couldn't have a party—I was training. I haven't had it yet."

"Then we'll have a substitute party tomorrow," I said. "Come and have lunch with me at the George."

"I couldn't possibly," she said faintly. "I

don't even know your name. Besides, I'll be going for a run in the afternoon. I couldn't eat a hotel lunch."

"Taking first things first," I said, "the name is Matt Lazenby. Does Harry go on these runs with you?"

"Good lord, no," she said. "He's much too grand—and too fat."

"Good, then we'll meet for tea tomorrow."

"Harry'll be checking the time I get back from my run."

"Right," I said. "You say your run takes you over Hackham Ford. I'll be there in the car. We'll nip into town, have tea, then I'll drop you somewhere so that you can finish your course in such good time that Harry will have a stroke, I hope."

"Wouldn't they think it a bit funny, going into a tea place like—well, like this?" She gestured at what she was wearing.

The great brain got to work again and produced the answer. "I'll leave the car near your house in the morning. You slip out and shove a frock and some shoes in it, then you can pop them on over your fancy dress. Think of it, Betty," I said. "Cream buns, tea, witty conversation, me."

"Cream buns," she said dreamily. "I couldn't eat cream buns."

"All right," I said, "éclairs, meringues, whatever it is athletes train on."

She giggled. "Do you think I could—just for once? What an adventure!"

"Of course you could!" I cried. And then we worked out the operation in detail.

WHEN we reached Betty's home, the rain was pelting down. As we drew up, she squeaked: "Oh, gosh, there is Harry." I followed her gaze.

Harry was sitting in a bay window, peering anxiously towards us, a plump, shiny, balding man of about thirty-five, with a stop-watch in his hand.

Betty climbed out of the car. She walked with a heavy limp. Harry, seeing the bedraggled figure approaching up the path, opened the window and, being careful to keep out of the

She seemed, for a moment, to be dazed. With a muddy hand held to her head, she moaned: "I can't go on." That was where I stepped in

rain, called: "Betty, what on earth's the meaning of all this?"

"Sorry, Harry," she cried meekly back. "I twisted my ankle, got a lift back." The life seemed to have gone out of her voice, and she did not turn round to wave. I drove away.

Next day was dull, but dry. In the morning I went out to Farmer Judson's tractor. There was nothing wrong with it the driver couldn't have fixed, except that he probably examined it for thrush or a cast shoe, or whatever other ailments afflict plough horses. Judson's farm hasn't been mechanized long, and I doubt if his men ever will be.

I drove back to Gracebridge and left the car, unlocked, round the corner from Betty's house. When I picked it up after lunch there was a canvas hold-all in the back.

Betty was punctual to the minute at Hackham Ford; punctual to the split second, possibly. She pulled a stop-watch from a kind of stop-watch pocket in her shorts as she came up, and gave a little nod.

"How's Harry?" I asked.

"He didn't want me to come out today," Betty said. She stood looking gorgeous, hands on hips, getting her breath back. "He said if I twisted my ankle yesterday I ought to go easy today."

"So you shall," I said. "It'll be the easiest day you've had for years, you unfortunate girl."

She smiled in a way that made my heart turn over, and wriggled into her frock.

We spent an hour over tea. Betty drank hers without milk and ate one slice of thin bread and butter. I ate more fancy cakes than a modern schoolboy could get through, and towards the end of them fancied I saw something like envy in Betty's pretty blue eyes.

The afternoon ran according to schedule, and Betty was delivered back to within half a mile of her home at the time the stop-watch ordered. I watched her cantering into the distance, and thought I had never seen such a pretty stride, never. I was glad she had left the hold-all in the car, and that we had arranged to meet the same way next evening, for coffee in a café.

On the third evening we met I asked her a question. I said: "What's the strength of the opposition, Betty?" I was beginning to think it was time I met her family and put things on the right sort of basis; and I was getting tired of coffee and cream cakes.

Betty became thoughtful, which suited her very well. She did not answer for a moment, and I stirred the dregs of my cup hard and willed her to answer right.

"I've a pretty good chance, I should think," she said. "There's really only Hope Dale, from Bletchworth, to beat. She won last year. She's awfully good, but if playing truant has not done me too much harm, I should think——"

"I wasn't meaning that sort of opposition," I said. "Harry——"

"Harry's very pleased with the way I'm shaping," she said.

There was something wilful in the way she persistently misunderstood me. I sighed and let it go at that. But as I put her down from the car that night I said: "Betty, tell me truly, do you mean to marry that lout if you win?"

"It'll prove I'm not a failure, won't it?"

"What, managing that——"

"And, anyway," she said, "he hasn't asked me yet."

"Good night," I said glumly.

* * *

The programme stated: "The Four Counties' Cross Country (Women) will be started by His Worship the Mayor, from the Town Hall balcony, at 12 midday. . . ."

It was another Saturday, four weeks from the date when I first met Betty, and I was there, in the Town Hall Square at Gracebridge, and I felt very strange. It was the first time I'd had the whole of my future hanging on the result of a cross-country (women).

There was a fair-sized crowd milling about, and here and there among them were some of the fifty-odd competitors. Looking them over, I was glad for Betty's sake it was only running, not all-in wrestling, she was taking them on at. They were big girls.

Then I saw Betty. She had a mackintosh slung over her shoulders like a cape, and she was in white running gear. Harry was fussing around her like a jittery stable-lad with a thoroughbred.

We'd agreed not even to try to catch each other's eyes, so I went up to a man in the crowd who wore a badge and asked him which was Hope Dale, Betty's rival. He pointed out a husky redhead in purple, who was limbering up on her own.

I wandered over. "Afternoon, Miss Dale," I said, looking up at her. "Hope you're going to pull it off again. How d'you feel?"

"Fit as a fiddle," she said. Double-bass would have been nearer the mark, I thought.

"Well, good luck," I said. "Watch that local girl, Betty Brixham. They say she's pretty good."

"I never look behind me when I'm running," Miss Dale boomed, and threw back her head and roared at her little joke. I went away. It was comforting to find the opposition so confident.

I, THE WITNESS

by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

The gripping story of a frightened child, who spied upon a murderer—and dared not tell what he had seen

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Then the runners were being gathered together, and the mayor was on the balcony, looking as though he was trying to pluck up courage to let off the starting pistol.

The pistol went off. There was a cheer and the runners jogged off down the hill. I went into the saloon bar of the George and ordered a pint of bitter. The race was due to finish at the town hall, too, and I should need to gather some strength.

I stayed in the bar until I heard cheering for the returning runners. Then I went outside.

It was Betty all right. I picked out the lonely white figure at once. She was pink with exertion, but running with determination. Hope Dale was puffing and blowing two hundred yards behind.

I saw Betty half collapse over the tape, then collect herself and look about her with shining, radiant triumph. When I got near, Harry had a proprietorial arm round her and was beaming round at the crowd of well-wishers.

"We were magnificent!" he said to her.

"We!" Betty said. She was out of breath, but I was close enough to see a peculiar, hard gleam in her eye as she looked at Harry. "*I* was magnificent," she said. "And I meant to be——"

Harry butted in; he was full of pride and glory and was acknowledging all the expressions of congratulation coming from the crowd around us. "And you'll do better than that," he said. "When we start real training——"

"Harry," Betty said, "there's something I want to say to you. Come somewhere quiet——"

"Not now," Harry said. "They're waiting to photograph you and——"

"I've got to talk to you, Harry."

"Later," Harry said.

"If you won't come somewhere quiet I'll have to say it here," Betty said.

Harry was rubbing his hands and gazing towards the pressmen on the town hall steps. He said, a little irritably: "Betty, dear, ask me another time. Can't you see——"

Betty exploded. "I'm not asking you anything, I'm telling you! I've just run my first and my last race—from now on I walk."

Harry focused on her at last. He was frowning, uncertain. "You're exhausted, that's what it is. You'll win lots more races."

"I won't!" Betty flared. "I'm going to eat cream buns."

"Cream buns! You know you can't——"

"Eclairs, meringues, treacle pud."

"You're overwrought. Come away, then. Perhaps——"

"And when I feel like exercise," Betty said, with a kind of vicious satisfaction, "I'm going to sit down until the feeling passes."

There was a tiny silence and people were looking. Into the silence, like a stone in a pond, dropped Betty's vibrant voice: "I hate you."

"Betty!"

She said: "I never have liked you. I only went running to get away from you, and I only won today to show you that I could do it——"

"Stop!" Harry cried. "I positively order you to stop. This is absolutely——"

"Order me!" Betty approached so near to him I thought she was going to spit in his eye. "Your ordering days are over, my little man. With me, anyway. Try one of the others, these also rans. . . ."

"But our wedding——"

"Will not now take place. You can stick the trophy on the sideboard."

And with that she left him gaping speechlessly and came over to me. She linked her arm in mine. "You see," she said. "Now you know why I wanted to win. Let's have a drink to celebrate."

I could still hardly believe my good fortune. "We'll have two," I said.

In the lounge of the George I raised my drink to her: "Here's mud in your eye."

"Never again," she said. "Promise me, Matt, you'll never want me to run across the beastly countryside again, and you'll never want our children to be champions of anything."

It was an easy promise to make, and then that blissful dreamy look I had seen once before came into her eyes. It comes back quite often nowadays on dirty wet Saturday afternoons, when we both have our feet up in front of the fire.

THE END

With Dennis Monger, his chief cameraman, Peter Dimmock (right) watches skater Margo McMenemy at the audition for his new series *Ice Time*

Peter Dimmock cuts red tape to capture TV thrills

by LEWIS GRIEFER

He has to bring into the home all the excitement of sport and pageantry, and he sets a hard pace. One thing did slow him down—a telephone book thrown by an angry secretary

IT WAS NO WONDER that Peter Dimmock was worried. Little was going right in a television outside broadcast from an open-air swimming pool at Larkswood, Essex. As producer, Dimmock had arranged to feature a fifty-strong water ballet, a poolside orchestra, water-polo and a display by a team of girl dancers. To complete the effect he had also ordered a supply of potted palm trees.

But the cold weather had prevented rehearsals earlier in the day, and Dimmock's decision to shoot off-the-cuff was proving a disaster. "The cameras were rarely synchronized," says one of those who took part, "and viewers kept seeing empty diving boards. Often, when the cameras reached them, swimmers were just leaving the water."

Upset by the failure, Dimmock afterwards joined a group of artists and technicians for a drink. "Suddenly," recalls his assistant, Joy Turner, "he brightened up. 'I'm sure the water can't have been that cold,' he said, and promptly insisted that we should all get into costumes and try it. He was wrong. We came out blue."

As producer, commentator and second-in-command of the B.B.C. Television Outside Broadcasts department, Dimmock is more often than not at the mercy of events or the British climate in his work. When he was preparing to cover the launching of the Royal yacht Britannia from a vantage-point three hundred feet up on the deck of an unfinished 20,000-ton liner, he suddenly felt the heat from fierce flames licking round his feet. An oxy-acetylene welder working below the deck was sending the flames through rivet holes in the plates on which Dimmock was standing.

On other occasions Dimmock has found himself dangling precariously from a narrow catwalk a hundred feet above the arena at the Empress Hall, London, and stuck in the mud at Chiswick Eyot when planning to televise the Boat Race.

An athletic six-footer with a manner of aggressive diplomacy, Dimmock has a hand in

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

the planning and execution of about five hundred programmes a year and, with his chief, S. J. de Lotbinière, controls a staff of fourteen producers, eight stage managers, commentators and six mobile units stationed in London, Scotland, Wales, the North of England and the Midlands.

At thirty-three he is the youngest senior executive in the B.B.C.—he is paid about £1,700 a year—and has been responsible for television coverage of stunts, sports, national and civic occasions, Lord Mayors' Shows, banquets and many of the more momentous outside broadcasts.

He is known by friends, colleagues and those who envy his quick rise in television for his bland impetuosity. "There probably isn't another job in the whole Corporation that would suit him better than the one he's got," says a colleague. "It calls for rapid decisions and an indifference to red tape, and he thrives on such things."

Cameraman Roped To Plane

Shortly before the Coronation outside broadcast was due to start a television cameraman, stationed at the key point in Westminster Abbey from which close-ups of the actual ceremony would be shown, noticed with alarm that a slot cut in the woodwork for his telephoto lens had been glazed in.

He dashed out and rang Dimmock. At that moment the deputy head of outside broadcasts was revising the Coronation shooting script for the sixth time. He dropped it at once, telephoned the Earl Marshal's office and found it unobtainable, then ordered a taxi and made a three-mile detour of the crowded city streets to the Abbey, collecting a glazier on the way. There was no time to change the camera position, so Dimmock set the man to work and, when the job was done, put in an official application for the removal of the glass.

In a department where short cuts are often the only way, Dimmock's resourcefulness and volatile efficiency puts colleagues and co-operative laymen to a lot of trouble. For one air-to-ground transmission he had a cameraman roped to the fuselage of an aircraft flying over London.

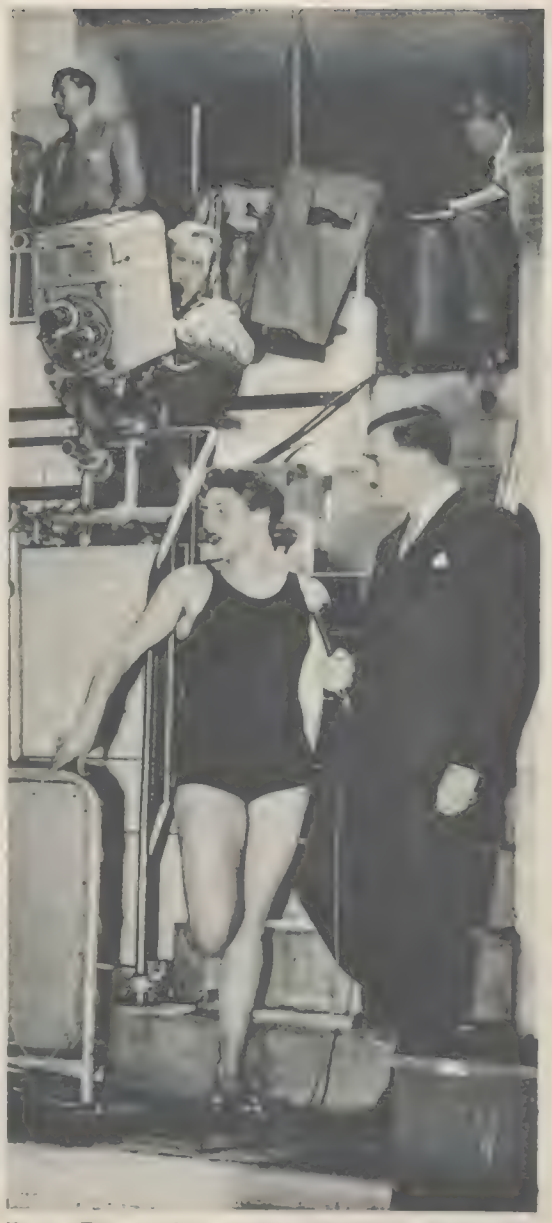
There was also the time when he returned from an idea-finding mission to the United States with some new theories about production methods. In a subsequent *Sports Magazine* he packed a studio with runners, rowing blues, boxers and footballers; there were gymnasts performing on parallel bars in one corner, a team of schoolboys questioning a panel of journalists in another, and in the centre a commentator worked on a raised platform.

The Man Who Talked Faster

"It seemed altogether too crowded for camera work," a television man said afterwards, "but Peter insisted on having things the way he wanted them. To cap it all, he had Ras Prince Monolulu wandering round the set shouting, 'I gotta horse.'"

When the B.B.C. televised opera from Glyndebourne for the first time, Dimmock went to great lengths to obtain what he called "the full effects from a countryside broadcast." Not satisfied with the natural setting, he suggested to the stage manager, who was in full evening dress, that he should lie flat on his face near a lily pond and, at a predetermined signal and out of camera range, release two ducks into the picture. The stage manager protested, and finally persuaded Dimmock to change his mind. "I had to talk louder and faster than Peter," he says. "It needed some doing."

In fact, Dimmock's gift of the gab has been extensively used by the B.B.C., not only in public commentaries but also in the tricky and private negotiations for camera facilities at theatres and sporting events. When most theatres would have nothing to do with television on the grounds that to show excerpts from plays would harm the box office, he saw actor-manager Brian Rix and came to an agreement to broadcast parts of *Reluctant Heroes* from the



Peter Dimmock, youngest senior executive in the B.B.C., interviews Dutch swimming star Geertje Wielema at a recent London TV gala

Whitehall Theatre. "The show has since played to packed houses," says one of Dimmock's associates. "Now the impresarios are all trying to get in on the act."

With sports promoters, however, Dimmock has had little success. Once he went to Liverpool and spent several frustrating days trying to convince Mrs. Mirabelle Topham, proprietor of the Grand National course, that a television broadcast of the race would attract thousands more racing enthusiasts to Aintree.

"Finally," Dimmock now admits, "I offered to lend her a television set for six months to see if it would help her to change her mind." The following day he got a reply expressing her thanks—and regrets.

Jack Solomons, the boxing promoter, has also had to bear with Dimmock's persuasive eloquence. "He never gives up telling me that television is good for boxing and that boxing is good for television," says Solomons. "I agree with fifty per cent of that—the second part. But as a negotiator, Dimmock is in the top class."

Usually, Dimmock's contacts are sufficiently impressed to provide what he asks for. When he arrived in Calais one summer afternoon in 1952 to arrange a cross-Channel broadcast, he met the mayor and corporation and managed to convince them that, in the interests of the *entente cordiale*, Calais would have to provide something more than a motion picture of its everyday life.

By the time he left he had taken his requests further to include a colourful fête, a torchlight procession of citizens through the town, a circus, an outdoor cabaret and the provision of a special force of gendarmes. He had a stage built in the public square, and auditioned cabaret artists personally.

Dimmock likes to pack his programmes with movement and thrills—a preference that leads many people to believe he has a hand in some of the more violent, and unrehearsed, incidents caught by the cameras. When a fracas broke out among several ice-hockey players during a match that was being televised, the referee looked accusingly towards the outside broadcast van. "I had the hardest job to convince that referee afterwards that we had nothing to do with the fight," says Stephen Wade, Dimmock's stage manager on that occasion.

Before any programme for which he is responsible goes on the air, Dimmock makes thorough preparations. "You can't just import a couple of cameras and hope for the best," he says. "An outside broadcast needs a lot of thinking out beforehand." Dimmock and an engineer usually inspect the locale, and decide the camera positions and the probable lenses to use. These surveys have taken them over slippery rooftops seeking out sites for coverage of a parade or fête, along muddy river banks and even through musty cellars. "It's half the battle to ensure good positions," says Dimmock.

Dimmock works from a fourth-floor office at the new television centre at White City, London. In a recent spell lasting several months, he was putting in an eighteen-hour day on location and at his desk, and the pace was too much for one overwrought secretary. Towards the end of a harassing day she hurled a telephone directory at him. It stopped him in his tracks. He looked at his watch, admitted he had not realized it had got so late—and apologized.

First Commentary By Luck

Even at home, in his five-roomed flat in a modern block at Notting Hill, Dimmock's fanatical devotion to television rarely subsides. He looks in regularly on a seventeen-inch set lent by the B.B.C. His wife, Pamela, a former B.B.C. secretary, says: "When he has his television friends around I know they'll spend their time talking about orthicon lenses, panning shots and micro-wave links all night."

Dimmock, a Londoner who became the Press Association's turf correspondent, did his first TV commentary by chance. Shortly before an Ascot Gold Cup meeting, Ian Orr-Ewing, then deputy head of outside broadcasts, learned that commentator Frank More O'Ferrall had been taken ill. He invited Dimmock to stand-in. To Dimmock's relief, he came through the ordeal to the satisfaction of his chief.

But his commentating has not always run so smoothly. In another racecourse commentary Dimmock persistently referred to the progress of a filly named Masaka which had, in fact, never left the starting-gate. "Now," says Pamela Dimmock, "he takes no chances. I paste all the racing colours on to cards and hold a swotting session before any race he is reporting."

"Still A Pilot At Heart"

To improve his technique, Dimmock consciously plays down his natural exuberance during a broadcast. "If Peter came over as he really is," says a friend, "viewers would be rather shaken. He's still a pilot at heart"—Dimmock won his R.A.F. wings during the war—"and often talks like one."

Shortly before a Christmas Day broadcast from a seamen's church at Stepney, he advised his men to behave with restraint and decorum. "A technical hitch developed," says an acquaintance, "and Peter acted with characteristic speed and language." In the middle of it all, the B.B.C.'s head of religious broadcasting, the Reverend Francis House, turned up. Dimmock blushed and apologized. "That's all right, my boy," said House. "The vicissitudes of television and the demands of religion are on occasions a long way apart." THE END

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HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from page 10

don't mind in the least your tearing up a thousand-kroner bill. It just means that you lose a thousand kroner."

When he had punished us, usually with a vicious blow across the head, Father would come back a few minutes later and say sheepishly: "Well, we're friends again, aren't we?" Sniffles from us. "You have to admit you deserved it. Take it in the right spirit. I *am* your father, you know."

After we had sulked for a while, he would take out a five-kroner bill (about £1). "Would you like to go to the football match on Saturday—and skating afterwards?" Our eyes would light up. We were friends again.

This was Father's sentimental streak. Normally he was ruthlessly efficient. Nowhere did he apply his zeal and drive more ruthlessly and efficiently than in getting us educated. From the age of three, we had a succession of governesses—English, Italian, French—who taught us the rudiments of their native languages. Father was a great believer in languages. "You never know," he said, "what power will dominate Austria later in your life. It may be England, France or Italy. You have got to be prepared."

Spoke Seven Languages

By the time I was five I could speak French fluently—it was the official language at most of the European courts—and at six, English also. Since we regularly came into contact with Poles, Serbs, Czechs, Slovaks, Italians, Hungarians and Rumanians, it was natural that we should learn something of their languages, and by the time I was twelve I was fluent in no fewer than seven. Even now, I can read, write and take shorthand equally well in French, German and English.

Our governesses also taught us elementary arithmetic, grammar, reading and writing, and when I was five I was able to pass an examination which exempted me from the first year of the six-year course at the grammar school, as we called our primary school.

From then on, my life was packed. School hours were from eight to twelve in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon.

Father had also insisted on my studying the piano and violin, and besides the four half-hour lessons each week with private tutors, I practised each instrument for half an hour every day. Not content with this, Father had hired another tutor to ensure that I kept abreast of my school work.

Violin Tutor Was Late

My violin teacher was a happy-go-lucky young man called Karl Knol, who frequently fell foul of my father's fetish for punctuality. Lessons were at five on Tuesdays and Fridays. At five minutes to five I would take up my stand by the window. When five o'clock passed without Herr Knol breezing into the courtyard, I would say "Goody, goody," and get out my football boots.

A few minutes later he would arrive, only to be intercepted by Father. I listened hopefully. "Young man," shouted Father, "there's no money for you today. If you can't come on time, you needn't come at all." I was free to play football in the park.

On the other hand, my piano teacher was Moritz Rosenthal, who later became a world-famous concert pianist. He was extremely punctual, and when I struck a wrong note he slashed my wrists with a long bamboo stick.

On my ninth birthday—as on all my birthdays—school was over for the year, and we had already moved to our summer resort. But this year Father insisted on taking the tutor. Even then he was looking forward to the time when I should be old enough to enter the university, and he wanted to be absolutely certain of my doing so.

The conscription laws laid down that all young men of eighteen had to serve three years with the colours. University men, however, were able to discharge their obligations by volunteering for one year only. In the aristocracy it was considered a disgrace both socially and intellectually for a young man to serve three years like other people. Hence Father's anxiety.

All through that summer—in between football, tennis and the various joys of a boy on holiday—my tutor drilled me in history, geography, maths, German and the other subjects I should need for an examination, which I took immediately we returned to Vienna. Father was delighted when I passed. It meant that I could now enter the Akademisches Gymnasium, which is the equivalent of an English grammar school. It meant that I had completed the six-year Austrian grammar school course in four years.

The first year at the Gymnasium was easy. The only new subjects were French and English, and I could already speak these fluently. I was also beginning to realize that though I was not brilliant intellectually, I had a photographic memory; this, coupled with the hard work which Father enforced, kept me high in the class.

Father, however, was still not satisfied that I had enough to do. A keen businessman, he had noted that even in the later years at the Gymnasium, when chemistry, Latin, Greek, psychology, philosophy and logic were added to the curriculum, there was no commercial training. He insisted that I also attend a commercial school.

Thus I was at the Gymnasium every morning (including Saturdays), from eight to one, and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from three to five in the afternoon. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons I spent at the Commercial Academy, which I also attended from six to eight on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Father also kept me at my music and still hired a private tutor to see that I fell behind with none of my work.

All The Answers Wrong

When I was thirteen, I fell below standard in chemistry. The subject bored me, and Father had hinted that he thought it comparatively unimportant. However, to win promotion and avoid spending an extra year at school, a pass was essential.

When the papers were given out, I was aghast. Of the twelve questions, I could not answer a single one. The answers I gave in at the end of the exam were hopelessly wrong, but as we came out of the exam room I got the right ones from a friend who was good at chemistry. That night I prayed that the master would leave the books in his room and not mark them till later. The prospect of having to tell Father that I had failed was frightening.

The next day I simulated sickness and asked to be excused from class. The master suggested that I take a walk round the building. I left the classroom, but instead of going to the school entrance I crept to his study. No one was about. Furtively, I let myself in. The books were in a pile on his desk. It was the work of a few minutes to find mine, tear out the page with the wrong answers and write in the correct ones. I even faked a mistake in the last answer, to make it more convincing; then I stole out again.

Fortunately, I did not go straight back to my class. I walked boldly to the main entrance, told the janitor that I was sick, and took a short walk round the building.

Accused Of Cheating

When the master gave out our books a few days later, he was puzzled that I should have scored almost full marks after being near the bottom of the class for most of the year. He accused me of cheating. I denied it. He asked who my neighbour was in the examination. I told him—but, by good fortune, this boy had failed miserably. The master then remembered my excursion round the block.

"Samek," he asked. "Did you really go out?" I assured him that I had. He was still unsatisfied and called in the janitor. "Did you see Samek go out?"

The janitor was anxious to testify. "Oh, yes, sir. He complained of a headache."

The master was still puzzled. "In

"Wait a minute—I've got the film in upside down"

my own mind," he said. "I'm convinced that you're a cheat and a liar, but I can't prove it." He glanced at the book again. "By the way, how is it that you failed to get the last one right although some of the others were much more difficult?"

"Just a little slip, sir," I said. "I know now that the two should have been a three."

The master pounced. "How do you know?"

I was flustered. Discovery meant expulsion. "Well, sir, of course it should have been a three."

"But why?" he insisted.

I was always lucky. At that moment the bell rang and the class stampeded for the canteen. But I had been badly frightened: I never cheated again.

The long hours I spent at study meant that I prized more than ever the few in which I was free. I was always an avid sportsman. I had played football and hockey since I was eight, but best of all I liked tennis, for which I had an unusual talent. At ten, I won the under-twelves championship of Upper Austria.

Torrent Of Writing

In my early teens I also fancied I had literary talent, and wrote a torrent of plays, poems, operettas and stories. I also turned it to a somewhat dubious practical use. There was a paper in Vienna called the *Sporting Gazette*, and each week, under the pseudonym of "Sports Lover," I sent in reports of sporting events. Often, the editor published them. In nearly all the events "Sports Lover" reported, one V. Samek was a contestant and, by a curious coincidence, he always brought forth glowing praise.

When I was about thirteen, I played the most important tennis match of my career. It was the final of the junior tennis championship of all Austria, and I was beaten in every set by a young Pole. Furious, I went straight home after the match and wrote a report which implied that the Pole had won by pure luck and that the better tennis player was V. Samek. Next time I met the young Pole, he was very angry. "You must admit," he said, "that it was a very garbled report in the *Gazette*. I beat you easily."

"Of course," I said. "I just don't know how this man 'Sports Lover' can say such things."

The device served its purpose. I was often congratulated by people who had read "Sports Lover's" report without seeing the actual game.

One of the most interesting events of my sporting career occurred in 1913 when I was fifteen years of age. I was in the first team then, and when Sunderland toured Austria that year I had the honour of playing against them. Nowadays, I am a keen soccer fan and a vice-president of Brentford Football Club. Whenever I visit Sunderland I meet people who can remember some of the men I played against in 1913.

Sport, however, was not my only relaxation. From an early age, I had a tremendous aptitude for music. In that alone, I never needed to be pushed. As other boys read detective stories and Westerns, I read musical analysis and the lives of the composers. When, at the age of sixteen, I entered the University of Vienna to study medicine, it was more as a pleasure than a burden that I simultaneously took courses in orchestration, counterpoint and conducting at the Conservatory of Music.

I had already conducted a piece called "Masquerade," which I had written myself for an amateur musical society. I visited the Opera every night I could, and after seeing some of the standard works as many as fifty or sixty times I could sit down at the piano and play them from beginning to end. When I travelled, I took my miniature scores to study on the train, and when we arrived at our summer resort I eagerly followed the local orchestra.

Occasionally, I had the chance of conducting. Sometimes I was paid, sometimes not. When I was seventeen I had become so well known that I was offered an assistant conductorship for the summer. The only thing that reconciled my father to my thus prostituting my talent was the knowledge that the salary was almost negligible.

Decided To Enlist

The war added another ambition. I felt that I had to "do my bit." I was not yet old enough to join the army but I enrolled in an auxiliary corps of young gentlemen who acted as spare-time messengers between military units and the Ministry of War. I was very proud of my beautifully tailored grey-blue uniform, and by donning the officer's overcoat we were allowed to wear, I was almost indistinguishable from an army officer. This was exceedingly useful when going out with girls, or when I wanted a free ride on public transport.

In 1915, when I was seventeen, I decided that I must help the war effort in a more positive way. But when I mentioned joining the army, Father strongly opposed it. "You're too young, Viki," he said. I explained that many of my friends were already fighting. "But your music," he added, in desperation, "that's *your* war effort."

But I was adamant. The very next day, I volunteered.

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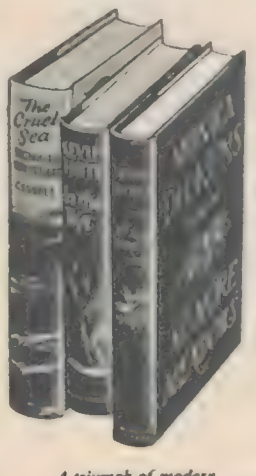

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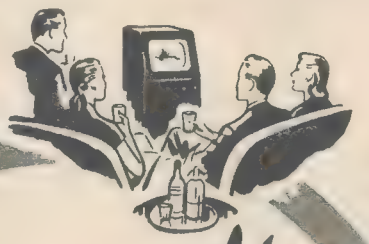

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THREE STAR CORDON BLEU

RAMPS DOWN!

Continued from page 21

up as I was shoving the next man through.

"Get me over, and I'll pull while you push," he said. This we did, and I was the only one left on the edge. Then I heard a shot. I looked up in time to see Peter spin round and fall. I struggled over and raced to where he lay, my heart filled with dread. But as I bent and turned him over, I knew it was no use. He must have been dead before he fell. In straightening to pull the last man through, his head and shoulders must have shown sufficiently above the level of the road for the sniper in his pillbox to take a quick shot. I wondered how I was going to tell his people. . . .

The last of the troop was now some distance ahead and I had to leave him. I determined to come back as soon as possible and see he was properly buried. Then I hurried on to catch up with the others.

Dangerous Silence

Later that evening, as I reviewed the day in my mind, my thoughts were very mixed. We had landed, we had reached the battery, we had linked with the 6th Airborne. With them we were now to form a perimeter around the bridges across the Orne and the canal, over which Montgomery was later to send his armour. Much had been achieved, much was still to be done. Our casualties had been lighter than we had expected: about seventy per cent of the unit was still fit to fight. But good friends had gone.

I went on with my digging till Len Coulson called me over to discuss the troop position. Things were quiet, menacingly quiet. Since our arrival in the late afternoon there had been no sign of the enemy. We had posted sentries at all vantage points. One man was up a tree already conveniently equipped with wooden rungs, which the Germans must have used as a look-out post.

All round our position were fields of waving corn, then thick hedges, then woods. On our right was "E" troop, with No. 3 Commando beyond them, and on the left we had "C" troop, with "D" beyond that.

"So Here We Stay"

Len pointed out these positions to me, then said: "At least the job's straightforward now. That road behind us leads down to the bridges; we can't move back an inch from here. It's the same with the others, our whole perimeter is as small as we dare have it. So here we stay."

"D'you think they know we're here?"

"I don't think they can, or they'd have done something about it by now. It's a good thing, too, because it gives us time to get properly dug in. Then we can give them a lacing as they come in."

"With all this corn here, anyone could slink up to within a few yards at night and bung in a few stick grenades before we even knew he was there."

"Yes, we'll have to get some trip flares or something rigged up. But I shouldn't think they'd do anything like that the first night, because I'm hoping they don't know exactly where we are."

The men started digging in now. Our last solid meal had been at about four in the morning. So we ate and dug; and the day drew to a close. We had fixed a system of sentry duties, whereby one man in two would be awake, but dusk brought with it an added wakefulness. An eerie silence crept from the woods which, at the other side of the cornfields, grew more sullen and lowering as the shadows lengthened. A sense of unease, of being watched by unseen eyes, of being heard by unseen ears, came over us all. Some stimulant was needed. Just at the right time, it came.

Softly at first, on the evening breeze came the sound of murmuring engines, gradually becoming louder and louder, till the planes came in sight. "They're ours," someone sighed in relief. Great, heavy planes, each with a glider in tow. Wave upon wave, looming up, silhouetted against the fading light of day they came, and with their coming, the sense of loneliness was dispelled. Reinforcements. The rest of the 6th Airborne. The gliders cast off, circled, then swooped silently out of sight behind the trees. With a new surge of cheerfulness, we turned back to await the coming of night.

Before darkness actually fell, Len sent an order round the troop. "From this position there is to be as little shooting as possible. They can't attack in strength until they are organized, and till they know exactly where we are. We're here to stay, so if we can keep quiet till we're properly dug in and ready, we'll be able to sort them out then. If anybody does come through our lines tonight, they'll possibly be paratroops who've dropped too far from the river, and who are making their way to our lines. So grab anyone, but don't shoot, unless you've no choice."

So we waited through the night. Hour succeeded hour. The rustle of the corn sent chills rippling up and down my spine. From a nearby pond, the harsh croaking of frogs seemed frightening at first in its nearness. This initial fright gave way after a time to a sort of fellow-feeling of wakefulness, a camaraderie of the clandestine, forming a background to the thoughts running through my head. Then, suddenly, I realized the croaking had ceased, and the sense of security gave way to something approaching panic. I peered out into the darkness. Why had the damn things stopped? All sorts of unpleasant reasons suggested themselves. As if in derision, the croaking began again, and I could sense the others relax as I did.

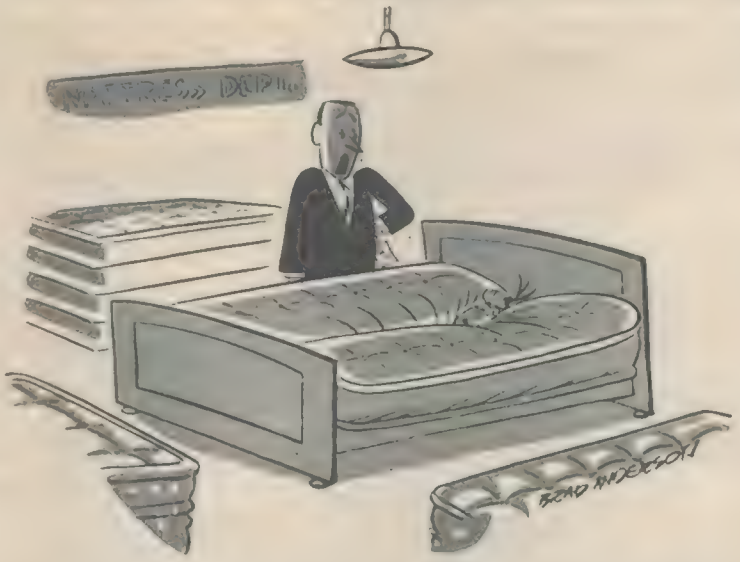
A Scuffle . . . A Thump

Then, however, stealthy footsteps resounded like the roll of doom in our by now over-sensitive ears. They were coming down the track behind us. Knowing we could see and not be seen, we waited, tense. The footsteps paused and, as they did so, there was a slight scrabbling sound, vague forms leaped out into the path, there came a scuffle and thump, and it was over.

Three miserable and obviously terrified Germans, carrying no weapons, stood in the none too gentle grasp of some triumphant members of my section. It turned out that the Germans were part of the crew of the lighthouse at Ouistreham. During the morning they had lain up till night; then they had set out towards their own lines, which they knew would be in the general direction of Sallenelles, a village a little way beyond our own lines. We sent a man off with them to H.Q., and returned to our vigil.

During D-plus-One, the enemy began to probe around. A bullet suddenly smacked into the tree beside the look-out, who could find nothing to fire back at. From then on, a constant sniping was kept up from the hedges at the other side of the cornfields, and never was there a trace to be seen of the marksman. The same thing was happening all round the perimeter, and "E" troop in particular was harassed by fairly heavy fire, to which they replied with interest. Opposite their position, the hedge ran in towards them

"Meet my husband—he's in insurance"



"Well, then, maybe you'd prefer something a trifle more firm"

till it was only about thirty yards away.

In the evening we watched the last of the fighter sorties sweeping homeward as we prepared for the last brew of the day. As yet none of us had had more than about an hour's sleep.

After half an hour of the exaggerated hush that follows the close of day, we heard planes overhead, and as the droning passed over, the first of the ack-ack curved slowly up to meet it. Within a matter of seconds it seemed as though every gun brought across had come into action. The whole sky was criss-crossed by red streaks and hung by graceful constellations of glowing red spheres.

Above the barking of the guns, we could hear the whine of the falling bombs and the rumble of their explosions far below. It seemed impossible that any aircraft could fly through that interlocking pattern of fire and live, and as though to prove it there was a sudden orange flash in the velvety sky and a sheet of flame began its downward course of disintegration. A moment later, another followed it; then the planes droned away.

A short time after, dive-bombers swept the whole area, filling the night with shrill horror, but they did not stay for long, though they swooped low overhead and machine-gunned the whole area before turning back.

As they went the enemy artillery opened up from a great range and began solemnly to fire one enormous shell every few minutes towards the bridges. First came the flash, then the whine of the missile as it passed in its majestic flight overhead, and finally, eleven seconds from the start of the whole proceedings, the rumbling crash of the explosion.

Fought In Cornfield

The next day brought more intensive sniping, and that helped to keep us all in constant expectation of the inevitable attack. Sleep, though we were all in much need of it, was out of the question. As the day wore on, too, there was an almost constant skirmishing in "E" troop's area, where the cornfield narrowed.

The coming attack became the horizon of our thoughts. That it would come was certain, that it would be on a large scale was just as certain and, as we knew there was no question of withdrawing or yielding any ground, we felt that the longer it was delayed, the worse it would be.

But night came without any major development and, as usual, the day's wait was rewarded by the sight of the gliders being towed into the landing zone. Throughout the night, incessantly, the bridges were bombed, the area immediately behind us was mortared, and the woods in front of us were constantly illuminated by Very lights.

The morning of D-plus-Three found us all red-eyed but still perky. The strange thing was that, as all the signs pointed to the attack coming nearer, the more cheerful did the troops become. In actual fact, there was little cause for cheerfulness. Supporting arms on our side were still desperately short. The storms at sea had prevented, or at least slowed, the landing of guns and tanks, and there was not a single Allied tracked vehicle across the Orne.

The lack of sleep was now telling. Thinking was a slow and laborious process. Men would sit, completely oblivious to everything that went on around them, until some threat of action; then they would suddenly become wide-awake and energetic, only to sink back when it was over.

Enemy Forces Mass

In the early evening there came a situation report of enemy attacking in company strength on other units in the perimeter, and it seemed they were massing their available forces for a major drive towards the bridges.

Night came, bringing a sharp attack on "C" troop, the darkness and the growing corn allowing suicidal enemy to lie low even when their main force had been beaten off, then to open up on their own, with disconcerting effect. "C" troop suffered a number of casualties in clearing out these interlopers.

In the middle of the night the spasmodic shots and thumps of mortars gave way to a crescendo of fire from the direction of the strongpoint on the Sallenelles road. Machine-guns rattled, grenades thumped, and rifles fired in fusillades. This went on for some time, then died away quite suddenly, leaving us to wonder what it had all been about. I was lying discussing it with the sentry on the track junction, when we heard the sound of running feet and heavy breathing. Together we waited, listening.

As the figures drew near, one stumbled, and we heard an unmistakably English oath. I got up in front of them and said: "Who the hell are you?" They stopped and peered at me in the darkness. A flare gave a moment of light. "Marines!" I said, "Where have you come from?" One of the group took it upon himself to speak. "Jerry's through," he said, "They're on the road."

I grabbed the man by the arm and rushed him up to where Len Coulson was with the main body of the troop, and poured out the story to him. "Why didn't they send out a signal?" he asked. From what we could gather, the enemy had launched the sudden attack on the strongpoint in some strength, using mostly automatic weapons, and after a sharp encounter had overrun the position.

This was really serious, as the position dominated the route to Sallenelles and to the bridges. It simply had to be re-taken. We got the news through to

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Sooner or later you'll hear it said. . .

It's odd how that familiar, homely name crops up in the most surprising places. You'd think it a far cry from millinery to cookery—but, no !

Only the other day I overheard a pretty girl who was trying on hats say, " Oh, dear, I really must decide on one. My husband will be home for lunch in half an hour. I must fly ! It's lucky I've got a few bits left over from the joint—with a couple of OXO Cubes I can soon whip up something tasty."

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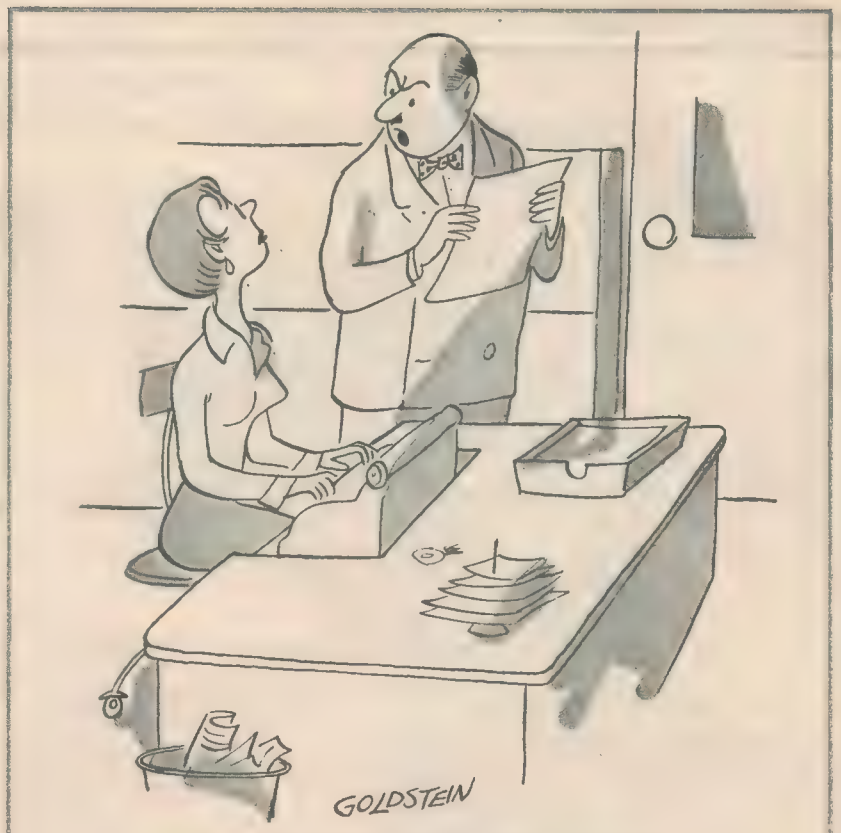

"Very interesting letter, Miss Fenwick. What was wrong with the one I dictated?"

H.Q. as fast as we could. The nearest of our men was " D " troop, so Pat Porteous was given the task. Pat, a stockily built regular from the Royal Artillery, had won a good V.C. at Dieppe. He earned another now. Minutes after he heard the news, he and his whole troop, which had already suffered considerable casualties on the first day, rose from their trenches and stormed through the darkness in a flat-out assault, yelling like banshees as they came to grips with the enemy patrol, which outnumbered them by more than two to one.

Again in " F " troop lines, we listened to the sound of battle on our left. This time we listened tensely, trying to make out which way the fight was going. As the sounds died away a wireless message reached H.Q., reporting that the position was again in our hands. The encounter left " D " troop with two officers, a sergeant-major and twelve men.

At the end of the dawn stand-to on the morning of Saturday, June 10, we were all almost at the end of our tether for want of sleep. I walked round my section again and again simply because I dared not sit down. A man would lean back in his trench as I spoke to him, and would become unconscious before my eyes. One man, standing in his slit-trench, fell asleep on his feet, and slithered slowly down to his knees, to finish huddled in the corner, still holding his mess-tin.

"We Must Keep Awake"

Others slept the sleep of utter exhaustion in the strangest attitudes, leaning straight-backed against a tree, kneeling with head bowed on the lip of a slit-trench, lying face down on the ground, still clutching a rifle.

Len's voice came slowly to me as though from miles away. " Mac, we've got to keep awake. I think it's bound to come today." Nothing happened, however, till about nine thirty, when we were mortared for about half an hour. Then the sun struggled through, and in the brightness of the morning we were astounded to see two German soldiers, one of them carrying a pack wireless set, strolling blithely along the track towards our position. They had obviously been sent to report on the effects of the mortaring, and were destroyed by about half the delighted troop from twenty yards range.

Thereafter we were mortared for five hours. The noise in the orchards and the wooded park was terrific. The wood resounded to the crashing of the explosions and the rending of timber, while the descending shrapnel splinters kept up a continuous rattle on the wall.

At about five o'clock, we saw the enemy massing directly opposite us at the edge of the wood, and at the same time, the F.O.B. arrived. An F.O.B. is a man who imagines he can control and direct the fire of a warship, which is generally some miles offshore. In this case it was the Ramillies. Len was more than doubtful. " These things fire pretty big shells, don't they?" he asked.

" Fourteen inch, nothing but the best!" said the F.O.B. " All I have to do is get on the blower, give the order, and when I say 'Shot One' you watch the edge of that wood!"

Ground Heaved Upward

" All right," said Len, weakening. The F.O.B., delighted, manipulated his set, gave a few mysterious references, then yelled, " Shot One!" We all turned and fixed our gaze on the edge of the wood. For a moment nothing happened. We waited expectantly. Then, with no warning whatsoever, there was a colossal explosion, the ground in the middle of our position heaved upwards, and showers of mud and huge pieces of tree splattered down on us. We clung to the earth while things subsided.

Len turned a baleful eye on the F.O.B., who gulped and said, " I'm terribly sorry . . . but the next one'll be over there!" The reply cannot be recorded.

Then the German machine-guns opened up to cover the advance of their troops across the open field. When they were clear of the wood, our battle began. How long it lasted, I have no idea. I remember Len telling me to take the two mortarmen and tickle up the Germans as they came out. I remember lying in the orchard directing their fire, and listening to the enemy fire hissing through the hedge and sighing over our heads. I remember McVeigh cuddling the butt of his Bren, and yelling at the top of his voice, " Come out, ye square-heads . . . " while loosing off burst after burst. I remember Len Coulson, confident and alert now. I remember the German attack melting away, re-forming, then melting away once more. I heard Len say, " We've done it, boy, they're gone for good . . . what's left of them. I'll just get Knyvet Carr to shake them up with his mortars as they go." The din

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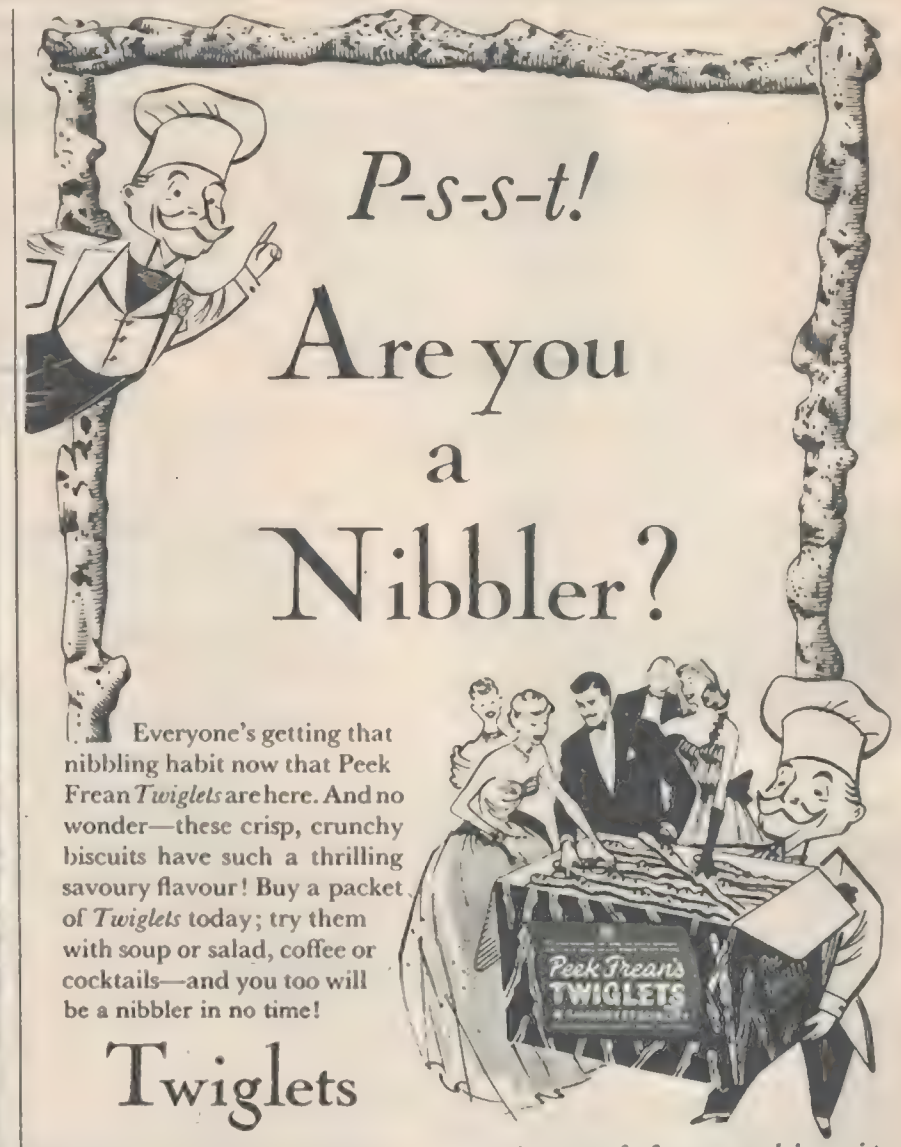
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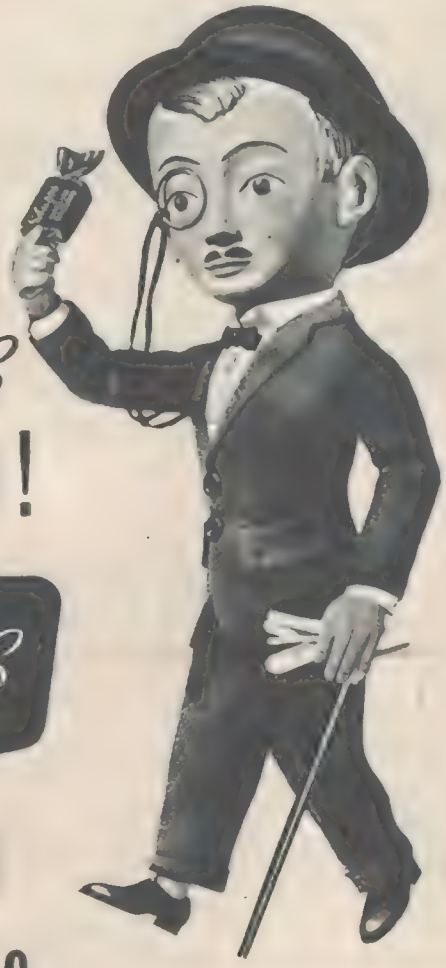

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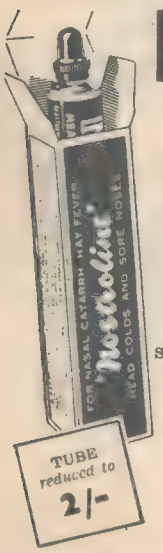

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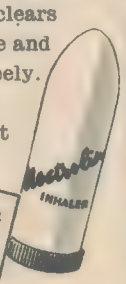

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of battle died away, and I turned to my slit-trench. It had been blown in. I dragged out my rucksack—it was badly holed and wet with the remains of the whisky from my flask, while the splinters from my camera stuck out from the shreds of my shirt.

I remember very little else, for while I was on my hands and knees in the wreckage of my trench, I fell asleep.

This battle on D-plus-Four ended the first phase of our sojourn on the Continent. It left us depleted in ranks, but strong in resolve. Of the 435 officers and men who had landed on D-Day there were now 160 left, while but seventy remained of the two-hundred odd French troops.

Caught In The Light

Now that the attack had been beaten off, no longer were we sniped from morning till night, no longer were we harassed by small, sharp attacks. And each troop area was ringed by a system of trip flares.

At night, Len and I took turns in staying awake, half the night each. On one such night I sat, cold and sleepy, huddled in a blanket behind the wakeful silhouette of the sentry. The time was just after four. Another hour till first light. If anything were going to happen, it would have to hurry up, or it would be daylight. I felt I was fighting a losing battle against sleep. Good job Carlin was there. My head drooped, my eyelids weighed like lead, then the whole world was lit by a dazzling brightness.

Wide-awake, I jerked upright, and in the brilliance of the flare stood a solitary German, rooted to the ground about fifteen paces away, blinded by the light and dazed by the suddenness of it. The tableau lasted one petrified second, then the German's dodging movement, and the sweep of Carlin's arm hurling the grenade were simultaneous. The flare died out as we ducked to the explosion of the grenade, and in the Stygian darkness that followed we were unable to determine whether or not we had got the German. Then from a trench on our right a rifle cracked. Almost immediately there was what seemed to be a colossal bang, then an abysmal silence.

"What the hell" I said, "was that bang?"

"I dunno, sir," said Carlin gloomily, "but that grenade should've got him. He'd no business to get as far as this."

"Well, we'll have a look in the morning."

At first light I went out with McVeigh, who was now the sentry, and dropped into the sunken track running away from our position. Soon we found him, sprawled at the top of the bank, struck down, probably just as he thought he was getting away with it. Drawing near, we were surprised to see he had no head. Nor was there a sign of one lying about. We looked closer and saw that, from the clenched left hand, there still dangled the cord of a stick grenade.

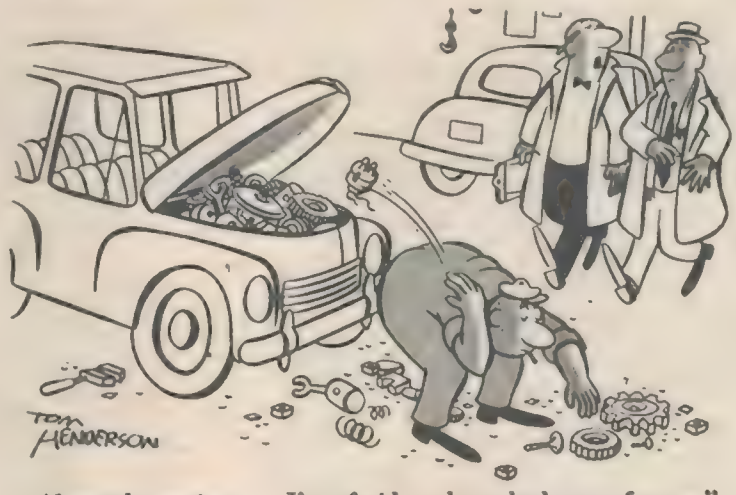
Man Without A Head

When Carlin's grenade had gone off, and the lone German had found himself unscathed, standing on the brink of safety, he must have decided to strike a final blow for the Fuehrer. Tucked in the open neck of his tunic he had a couple of stick-grenades, so as he crouched he pulled one out and ripped the cord from the base with his left hand. In that second, when the heads of the two grenades were almost touching, he had been shot, whereupon the grenade in his right hand had gone off, and had set off the other. The resultant explosion had deprived him of his head.

"Wonder what he looked like," said McVeigh, curiously. "Let's find his paybook, and look," I said. A quick search of the body produced the paybook, which looked a bit scarred. Eagerly McVeigh turned the cover open to see the photograph on the inside.

"That's a queer do," he said finally. "Now we'll never know." For the paybook had been pierced, and the photograph had no head.

NEXT WEEK: The attack on Walcheren—more dangerous even than Normandy



"About the engine . . . I'm afraid we have bad news for you"

TIO AND THE NEGLECTED WIFE

Continued from page 13

cheer. She lit a cigarette. She rarely smoked, but it seemed to go with the occasion.

"A most becoming dress," the captain said. "Which reminds me—" He took from his pocket a neat packet of banknotes. "Your reward," he said. "One hundred dollars. And may you spend it on some ornament for yourself."

"Heavens!" Amelia exclaimed. "You are generous. I don't know how to thank you enough, Captain." She opened her handbag and rearranged its contents to accommodate this unexpected acquisition. "Have you had a chance to talk to Tio?" she inquired.

"No, not yet. But I shall do so shortly. I have instructed my detectives to bring him to me. Unofficially, of course."

"I may perhaps have been unnecessarily concerned. Tio is a good husband, but I worry about him because of his friends."

"The man who has no woman to worry about him is truly unfortunate," Molina observed sadly, "like myself."

"If you are indeed so neglected, Captain," Amelia said, "could it be because a woman does not like to worry about what too many other women are worrying about?"

THE captain laughed and refilled their glasses. "This much could be said, señora—it is true that I, like any man who moves about the world, have known a number of beautiful women. Now, as I sit by your side, I can no longer remember them."

At this point the telephone rang. From Molina's point of view, the interruption was unfortunate, but his manner remained suave. He rose to answer the call, letting his hand fall gently on hers in a pressure of assurance.

The call was from Bobo Madero. He wanted to see Molina at once—it was urgent, he said; the counterfeiting case.

Molina did not like Bobo Madero, especially at this hour, but in view of the importance of the matter he could not refuse to see him.

"All right, come on up," he said. He replaced the instrument and turned to Amelia. "A small interruption in the line of duty," he explained. "A man wishes to see me on the very case we have been discussing. If you will wait for only a few minutes in my study——"

"No; I must go, anyway," Amelia said, rising.

"And leave me to finish a bottle of champagne alone? Ah, no, you can't be so unkind, Amelia! And, besides, this may be information which you should have for your continued investigation. Also, you could not get out without meeting him, which might perhaps embarrass you."

While asserting these arguments, he had opened the study door, and Amelia, half-persuaded, half-reluctant, passed through.

Bobo Madero entered a moment later, his nostrils expanding to the faint but unmistakable perfume in the air. As he spoke, his eyes roved about the room, noting the crushed, lipsticked cigarette, the two damp rings on the table, and a piece of paper half-hidden between the sofa cushions. He sat down there, ignoring the coldness of Molina's reception.

"This counterfeiter, Captain — I believe I can put you in touch with him."

"So?"

"There is a reward of five hundred dollars for information leading to his capture, is there not?"

Molina nodded. "It is now four hundred dollars," he amended.

"Well, I think I saw him with Tio Martinez in the Café of the Little Nine. He handed Tio some bills which are probably counterfeit."

It was possible, Molina thought; he had never believed that Tio would reform for long; but he hated to see the reward money go to this greasy squealer.

The telephone rang again. This time it was one of his detectives. "Sorry to bother you, Chief," the caller said, "but you told me to call you personally when I picked up Tio Martinez. I've got him."

"Bring him up," Molina ordered. The chances of a romantic evening were growing dim, but matters had developed too far to be stopped at this point. He turned to Bobo to remark, with a satisfaction he did not bother to conceal, "I am afraid you are a little late for the reward, Madero. My men have apprehended Tio already, and he is even now coming up in the lift."

"Won't that be a little awkward?" Bobo asked. He was fingering the slip of paper. It was a Café Mosca bill with some shopping notes on it which had fallen from Amelia's handbag.

"Awkward?"

"I mean with Tio's wife here?" Bobo gently waved the paper. "I think I should have half that reward."

There was a silence. In the outer hall, the lift door clanged.

"O.K.," Molina said.

MR. SCOON, when Tio had met him that evening, although still notably deficient in warmth, seemed interested in the news that the Cuban police knew the counterfeiter was in Havana and were presumably watching the Mercado Unico.

"But neither you nor they have any clue as to his place of operation?" he inquired of Tio.

"Not yet, señor."

"Well, you have been helpful to some degree," the American said judiciously. He took a roll of bills from his pocket and handed ten tens to Tio. "Something on account," he said. "Now, if you can get me more definite information. . . ."

"Thank you, señor."

On the way home, a car drew alongside Tio. A man stepped out, flashing

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a detective's badge. "Captain Molina wants to have a chat with you, Tio," he said. He ran his hands over Tio expertly.

"Hop in."

Tio did. "May I ask——" he began.

"No," the detective replied pleasantly.

They travelled in silence to Molina's flat. Bobo Madero was sitting on the sofa while the captain answered another telephone call. Bobo appeared slightly ill at ease under Tio's sharp glance, but they greeted each other politely.

Captain Molina returned to them, looking pleased.

"And how are you, my friend?" he said to Tio. "I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"It is always a pleasure," Tio murmured.

"It coincides with a rather important event which I'll tell you about in a minute. Where were you this evening?"

"At the Café of the Little Nine, with an American acquaintance."

"For what purpose?"

"He wished it to be kept confidential, Captain; but, of course, if you wish——"

"I do wish."

"The man is a secret service agent named Scoon," Tio explained. "He asked me if I knew anything about an American counterfeiter operating in Havana."

"You seem to have been misinformed about his identity," the captain said sarcastically. "He himself *is* the counterfeiter; or was. He chose to resist and was shot. He was followed at the same time as you were and was picked up at his residence. The detective just telephoned me. They found the press, the plates and the money."

It was true, Tio realized instantly; he had been fooled; Scoon had hired him only to find out how much the police knew. The ten new bills in his pocket were undoubtedly counterfeit, and if they were found on him, his explanation would seem fantastic.

Molina, who had been watching his face, now turned to the detective. "You saw the two together?"

"Yes."

"Did any money pass between them?"

"It is possible. I could not see them all the time without disclosing myself."

"Have you searched him?"

"Only for a weapon."

"Well, search him."

The detective advanced, and stopped as the door of the studio opened, and Amelia appeared. The appearance had quite an effect. Captain Molina's jaw dropped, and his mouth waggled. Tio stared in astonishment, shot through with a curious pain. But he was the first to recover.

"Amelia!" he cried. He stepped forward and embraced her, whispering into the curl of hair about her ear: "Take the money out of my right pocket." He turned his left side to the others and demanded indignantly of Molina: "What does this mean, señor?"

MOLINA had also recovered his aplomb. "It was unfortunately necessary to detain both of you while this matter was being investigated," he stated, "and I thought both you and your wife, if innocent, would prefer not to have your names on the record of police headquarters." He again addressed the detective. "Search him."

The detective removed everything from Tio's pockets, but found nothing incriminating.

"How about the woman?" he suggested.

Amelia drew herself up.

"I see no reason," Molina said. "Incidentally, there is a reward of four hundred dollars, which you and the other detective will split."

He glanced coldly at Bobo, who opened his mouth to protest, but closed it.

"May we leave now, Captain?" Amelia inquired with dignity.

"Yes," Molina said. There was a look of quizzical admiration in his eye. "I am sorry to have troubled you, señora."

"I know you were only doing your duty," she answered. "I trust you were not disappointed at the outcome."

The captain swallowed and, for once, seemed lost for a reply.

"Are you coming down, or do I have to come and fetch you?"

THAT night, Tio and Amelia closed the café early, so that they could discuss these events more fully in the privacy of their bedroom. He had already checked the notes which Scoon had given him against a ten-dollar note in the cash register and had found that undeniably they were not legal tender. He explained how he had obtained them.

"I heard Bobo tell Molina that you had been given the bills," Amelia said. "So when Molina ordered the detective to search you, I thought I had better interrupt."

"You are as intelligent as you are beautiful," Tio said. He was seated in a chair, wrestling with a knot in his shoelace. Amelia was standing before a long mirror, studying her black silk dress. "But why did he bring you there in the first place?"

"Well, you heard what he said, but that wasn't the whole story," answered Amelia, who didn't intend to tell the whole story herself. "He asked me to get some information about the counterfeiter."

"I see. And did you get it?"

"Yes. I got the same information from Bobo Madero that you did. The captain paid me one hundred dollars for it."

"You don't say! But he already had that information."

"Yes, I suppose he had."

Tio looked at her thoughtfully. She did not meet his gaze, but was patting the black silk dress here and there. He returned to his shoelace.

"We had a bottle of champagne," Amelia said. She giggled.

"A most amiable man," Tio murmured.

"Yes. He's really very courteous. He told me to be sure to spend the money on myself."

Tio abandoned the shoelace and stood up.

"Quite right. Why don't you buy a new dress?"

"I have. I am wearing it. Captain Molina liked it."

"It's a beauty," Tio commented, eyeing her in the mirror as he approached from behind.

"Thank you," she said, somewhat huffily. "A woman appreciates these small attentions."

She jumped as he pinched her. "Eek!"

"That's what I thought," Tio observed cheerfully. THE END

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(from photo by Ylla from the Red Heart album)

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FROM MACDONALDS OF GLASGOW—WHO BAKE THE BEST BISCUITS

THE GOLDEN FOOL

Continued from page 19

spoke his voice was steady and determined. He said only: "He will not go back."

Lemaire picked up his gun. Facing towards the east, he lifted it to his shoulder and fired into the low sky. Instantly the three men with the native, sitting in the shade of a patch of thorn trees a hundred yards ahead, leaped to their feet, their guns in their hands.

Lemaire disregarded them utterly; without moving and with the ease of long practice he began to reload.

"We will do that every mile," he said evenly. "At least they will have warning. I can see nothing else for us to do."

* * *

Jonathan stood looking at the picked skeleton. There was enough of the hide and the mane about for him to recognize the carcass—it did not need the mute evidence of the hoofs.

It was Malan who said: "That was your mare."

The native spoke swiftly, with a certain fear.

Jonathan asked, "Lion?" and looked where the native pointed. "She was lame, they left her behind and the lion got her."

The native spoke again and pointed to a place where Stopford's boot clearly overlapped the spoor of the lion in the dust.

"It doesn't matter," said Jonathan. "She's dead. It's just another thing. They will be close somewhere." He spoke to the native, and the man went forward, his eyes to the ground. As they followed they heard behind them another warning shot. Only Jonathan made no move; the others turned angrily, as they had turned at every shot since Lemaire had begun the warnings.

THE baboons had heard the shots first All through the morning they had been uneasy. There were seven of them, two males, three females and two young ones. It was the old male who had first detected the sound, and down below in the small bay between the smoothness of the rocks Lisette and Stopford had heard his grunting call. They had made out a shot themselves in the middle of the morning.

Lisette, sitting in the shadow of the trees, called up to Stopford as he sat on watch, his eyes towards the ford: "It was a gun!"

"Yes, a long way away," he said, and came slithering down the rock to sit beside her.

Looking at her, he asked: "Are you afraid?"

She nodded. "Yes, I am afraid."

"I'm afraid, also," he said simply, "but it seems to me that there is one thing only for us to do now, and that is to stay here and see what comes. I don't understand this shooting. That's what the baboons heard earlier in the morning—I'm sure of that. If it's Jonathan, then I can't understand anything of this. He wouldn't come giving us warning."

"No," she agreed, "that wouldn't be Jonathan. It might be natives hunting. They have guns, some of them."

"It might be."

"If we saddled and went on . . . ?" Her voice ended on a question.

"If it is they, then they have tracked us as far as this and they would track us wherever we went. They would be mounted, but we can only move at a man's pace. No, we must wait here. We have in these rocks the advantage of the ground, now we know that they are coming." He bent and kissed her.

Then he clambered on to the rocks again. There was no wind, the sun came off the rocks in a shimmering anger, the whole world except only the baboons and the cicadas was asleep; nothing stirred in the grass, nothing moved under the trees; the game was resting, even the birds were still. The sun moved very slowly, dragging the shadows across the hot griddle of the rock. The old baboon seemed to be watching something across the river to the west. He stayed on his look-out rock quite motionless, one knuckle just clear of the surface, waiting. . . .

IT was Malan who saw the smoke first. Pointing sullenly to it, he said: "They are there."

Jonathan nodded and sat silent, considering the place. Pulling a branch aside, the native pointed down the river and Jonathan picked out the scar of the path over the bank. Again they were silent, and once again the silence was broken by a quick question to the guide.

When he had his answer, Jonathan said: "That place is almost an island. The river goes right round the foot of the rocks. There is only a neck of land where the path crosses. They will expect us to come that way. You and François and this man must go by the ford."

Bezuidenhout was belligerent and suspicious. "What about you?" he asked Jonathan.

"I will cross the river by myself up there and take him from the back."

"While we get shot," said Bezuidenhout ponderously.

"He won't shoot you. He's an Englishman. He will talk."

For the first time, Malan looked at Jonathan with a curious light of distaste in his eyes, but he said at length: "It's a plan," and pulling at his horse's head, trudged on towards the ford.

Jonathan rode back down the path to where his father and Andries waited in the shadow, watching him. When he was level with them, Lemaire said suddenly: "Stop!"

Something in the tone brought the horse to a halt for a minute, but Jonathan did not turn to his father.

"Twice I have warned you. This is the last time. If you shoot Stopford it will be because of the gold, and I will shoot you. This you must know." There was an earnestness, a passion, in Lemaire's voice.

Jonathan kicked with his heels against the tired flanks of his horse, and it went forward reluctantly.

To his back, Lemaire said: "This is your last chance, Jonathan. Go back up the mountain. There is no end for you in this hunt except one."

Over his shoulder, Jonathan, suddenly stung, retorted: "You wouldn't dare! I am your son."

But Lemaire answered: "There are principles that are greater than blood." Slowly, reluctantly, he turned his own horse and followed. As he turned, he said: "You must watch the others now, Andries. This is my cross."

* * *

Lisette said: "Jacobus Bezuidenhout is the first, and François Malan. There is no sign of Jonathan."

Stopford felt his mouth grow dry suddenly. This he had not foreseen; it was difficult to calculate it now. Malan and Bezuidenhout would not have come by themselves—of that he was sure even in his scant knowledge of them. The one he reckoned as a jackal, the other as a bully and a fool; both of them lacking the tenacity, the drive and urge to make this long pursuit.

"He may be just behind them," he said, half to himself. Then, on an impulse, he turned to look up towards the sentinel baboon on the topmost rock. He could see two baboons now, the one staring impassively towards the ford where the two white men with the native were coming slowly through the green water; but the old one, the sentinel, the head of the tribe, was staring across the great curve of the river towards the west.

Stopford said: "I think Jonathan will try to take us from the back. The old baboon thinks so, too."

"It will be like him," she answered.

He got slowly to his feet and looked down at her. "These others do not matter. Shout to them when they are close enough that you will shoot. They will stop then, I'm sure of that. I'll watch for Jonathan."

JONATHAN led his horse into the water down a slide that the game had made for a drinking-place. He moved stiffly like an automaton, as if he were driven by something outside himself, not looking up stream or down for crocodiles.

Lemaire slipped off his bandolier, put his horse to the water, and, freeing himself from the saddle, swam beside it. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a swirl come down the river, and he thought of crocodiles; but Jonathan went on, blind, urgent, undeviating, until the horses lifted out with the water streaming from them, splashed on towards the bank and climbed out.

Lemaire watched Jonathan tether his horse to one of the small trees below the hot slope of the rock. It was time now, he thought, to fire the last of his warning shots.

Suddenly he realized why Jonathan had made no attempt to get away from him, no attempt to move faster. If he fired, his gun would be empty for the period of reloading, and for that period he would be at Jonathan's mercy. The boy was mad now: he had no doubt of that. Whatever the impulse that had driven him before, there had descended on him in this pursuit a cold frenzy.

He shivered suddenly in his impotence before it. If his gun were empty, Jonathan would turn on him—he had a positive certainty of that. He shrugged his shoulders; they were so close now there was no need to waste a shot, a shout would do; he felt the tension slough once again.

Jonathan went forward to the naked rock and began to climb. In that instant he heard the deep, rough "*borghem!*" of the old baboon.

Lemaire was sure that Stopford and Lisette were not by the smoke. They must have heard the shots, they must have had the warning. Perhaps they had gone on or perhaps this rock was to them like a castle, a strong place; perhaps they were waiting, watching. He looked at the priming of his gun

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

STANLEY married Ann in 1945, when he was working as an £8-a-week salesman in London. They settled down happily, in spite of the fact that the ambitious Stanley was rather inclined to expect his own way.

After a year, their son was born. Stanley and Ann were delighted, but one small cloud marred the horizon. Ann's stammer — which had always been rather pronounced—became much worse. It made her extremely shy and sensitive, and she found it difficult to make friends.

But gradually she got to know a few people: in his job, Stanley did well, and his salary increased to £10 a week.

Seven years later, Stanley's firm decided that he was just the man to represent them in Liverpool. They offered him £12 a week, and the use of a car. He decided that the prospects were excellent.

Delightedly, he told Ann the news. She was terrified at the thought of uprooting herself, moving hundreds of miles away, and having to make a whole lot of new friends. "You know how nervous and shy I am," she pleaded with Stanley. "I simply can't face it."

"Nonsense, Ann," snapped Stanley. "You'll be quite all right once you get used to it. We'll get some comfortable rooms until we find a house or a flat; although I'll be away for most of the week, I'll be home every weekend."

When Ann heard this, she put her foot down. "I'm just not going," she said, and after an argument, Stanley went to Liverpool on his own. He found some rooms, and wrote to Ann, demanding that she should come and join him.

But having thought things over, Ann was more resolute than ever. Once again, she refused point-blank to join him.

Eventually, Stanley petitioned for a divorce. Ann, he said, had deserted him. He was the bread-winner, and he had the right to choose the location of their home — especially when his work demanded it.

Ann's defence was that her husband had no right to impose his wishes on her in this matter. In the circumstances, and in view of her particular trouble, it was unreasonable of him to act as he had done.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 40

Everything goes with HP SAUCE

"Confidentially, sir, I'd try down the road"

and held it ready across his body: very slowly, he began to climb after Jonathan, a little to the left. Behind the rock more baboons were barking.

* * *

Stopford came almost to the head of a great shallow crack between two sectors of the rock. There was earth above him and a small patch of low bushes and grass; the rocks gave perfect cover. He moved more slowly now, certain that beyond him he could see the whole arc of the river and, crawling the last few feet, he came to a place where a gnarled stump stood up out of the little tangle of bushes, and looked out.

The river was empty, but he could see something moving between the intervals of the fringe of bushes on the far side; almost at once he saw a horse come out, and recognized Jonathan. He watched him put his horse to the water and begin to swim—then he saw the other horse. He had been expecting Jonathan only, and for the moment he wondered indifferently who this other was. Then, with a shocked surprise, he saw it was Lemaire.

THE heat seemed to go out of the day: a numbness took him. Jonathan he had known would be coming—he had never doubted it. But Lemaire . . . he could not fathom that. He could not believe that Lemaire would have come in their pursuit. Lemaire would have accepted their flight. He had given his promise about the gold. Yet he was here with Jonathan. . . .

Stopford watched them painfully while they crossed. There was something here that he could not puzzle out, something even beyond the appearance of Lemaire. Jonathan moved with an inhuman, a somnambulistic precision, not deviating, not hesitating. He came forward over the water to the shallow bank. Stopford watched him tether his horse and come away from it; behind him, he saw Lemaire tether his horse in his turn: they did not speak. Jonathan did not look back. He climbed on his own, stiffly, and he came up over the smooth slope of the rock with a quick, nervous footing, his gun held ready.

Stopford heard a rustle and a scrape on the rock below him. Lisette was at his feet.

"Go back, my darling!" he urged quietly. "What must happen I do not want you to see."

"Andries is here with them."

Very sadly, he said: "And your father is with Jonathan."

Lisette said softly: "You must speak to him first. We must leave no chance without trying." Then, with a quick gust of passion: "If you die, my darling, I must die, too, for I have nothing left in the world!"

He said, not taking his eyes from Jonathan as he came the last steep yards of the great whale of rock on which he climbed: "Keep still! We must not talk of death." Very slowly he began to raise his gun.

There was in his veins and in his nerve ends, in the very skin of his finger-tips, an indescribable, urgent sensitivity. It was as if he was alive to the smallest, most unimportant, detail of this place, the very waves of heat that struck off the rock, the tone and tenor of the sentinel's challenge, the shape and beauty of the unstirring leaves.

His gun went up slowly and still more slowly, and as the sights came on, he called out: "Jonathan!"

He saw Jonathan freeze and turn to his voice. It was patent that he had been taken by surprise, that he had believed Stopford to be on the far side of the rocks in another quarter. It was like the awakening of a somnambulist, the harsh breaking of unearthly calm. He saw Jonathan's gun come up, and again he shouted:

"Put it down!"

Then, his glance flickering beyond, he saw Lemaire's head and shoulders over the slope of the rock, he saw that his gun, too, was aimed at Jonathan. Instantly, and with a passionate relief, he knew that Lemaire had come to

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 39, the judge decided that it was a question of who had been unreasonable, for husband and wife have an equal say in deciding where a home should be. In her difficult situation, Ann had not been unreasonable, so Stanley could not have his divorce. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

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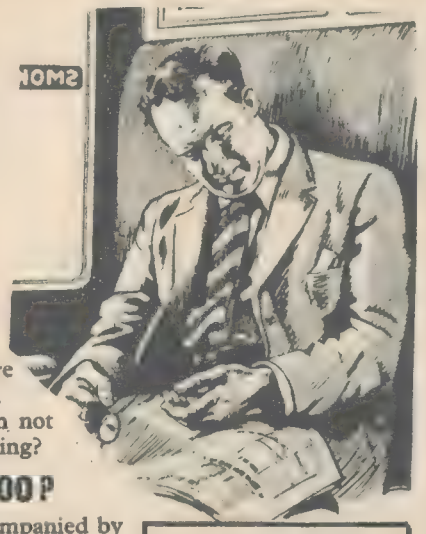

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help. In a strong voice, he called out: "Drop your gun, Jonathan!"

There was no breath of movement, no shadow of sound, not even a wing-beat in the heavy air.

He waited while he watched Jonathan's gun come slowly up and up towards his shoulder.

Lemaire shouted: "Jonathan, drop your gun!"

Still the gun came up, and to Lisette, at his feet, he said in a swift, overwhelming agony: "Lisette, I must kill your brother."

In that moment, as Jonathan's gun came to his shoulder, Stopford fired, and in the very instant after he fired they heard a bullet shriek past them to lose itself in the stillness of the rocks.

JONATHAN stayed absolutely still where he was for so long that it seemed impossible that no sound should come, no stir be made; then he stumbled and made a little hunched running to the left. His feet appeared to lose control, the pace increased, he was lurching down the slope.

Suddenly he pitched over, his body, hardly touching the smooth rock, shot downward.

Lemaire stood motionless, as if he were a part of the immemorial rock. In a strange panic, Stopford watched him. He made no effort to get out of the way, but they heard him shout as the body of his son hit him and they saw him fall in his turn and disappear from sight.

Lisette, unseeing but with all the old instinctive knowledge of the *voortrek*, said in an urgent whisper: "Reload! There are the others."

Stopford reached mechanically for the rammer.

When it was done, he slipped down the gully and up behind another covering shoulder of the rock until he could see Bezuidenhout with Malan leaning on their guns, looking upward, and Andries standing a short distance from them, cradling his gun in his arms.

"Jonathan is dead!" he called out. "Andries, take their guns from them!"

* * *

Lemaire could move his arms, but it seemed as if his body ended at his waist; he could find no knowledge of it beyond that, no sensation. His nerves could not convey their messages and he knew at once, with an acute and adamant vision, that he must die. His mind was strangely calm. He did not want to die, and yet there was justice in it.

At least he would die without the blood of his own son upon his hands. He had wanted to keep the upland country, the high veld, the Transvaal, clean of the curse of gold, wanted it sufficiently to sacrifice his own son. There was justice in the judgment that to assure it he had had to sacrifice himself.

Above him, on the rock, he heard the scrape of feet.

Lemaire looked up at Stopford and then at Lisette with a strange resignation. "It had to end like this, I think," he murmured.

Lisette, on her knees beside him, asked: "Are you hurt badly, Father?"

He answered, with a wondering patience: "I think my back is broken. There is no pain in it, there is no feeling either. And Jonathan?"

"He is dead," said Stopford sombrely. "I had to shoot. He'd seen me and he would not put down his gun. There was no other way."

"No," agreed Lemaire, "there was no other way. If you had not shot, I would have had to shoot him. You saved me that."

Stopford made a quick, almost frightened gesture, but he said only: "It had to be. We'll get the others and make a litter and take you to the camp."

"There is no need. There is nothing that you can do for me except bring me water. I know the feel of death."

LISETTE, kneeling beside him, looked at him with her face strained and white but her eyes dry. "Why did you follow us?" she said. "Tooni wrote to you that he would not touch the gold."

Stopford said: "Your father came to help us." He realized abruptly that she had not seen, from where she lay, Lemaire's gun lifted against his own son on the rock.

Lemaire said softly: "I had no writing, no message."

"It doesn't matter now," said Stopford, with a deep grief in his voice. "I think you knew my mind."

"Yes, I knew it," agreed Lemaire quietly.

"We'll get the others. It will be best to move you as gently as we can." Stopford turned and ran up over the rock.

"He's left his gun!" exclaimed Lisette, in sudden panic.

"That does not matter either," said Lemaire. "Nothing matters now. Do you love him very much, Lisette?"

For the first time, she broke down. "I have nothing in the world but him and you."

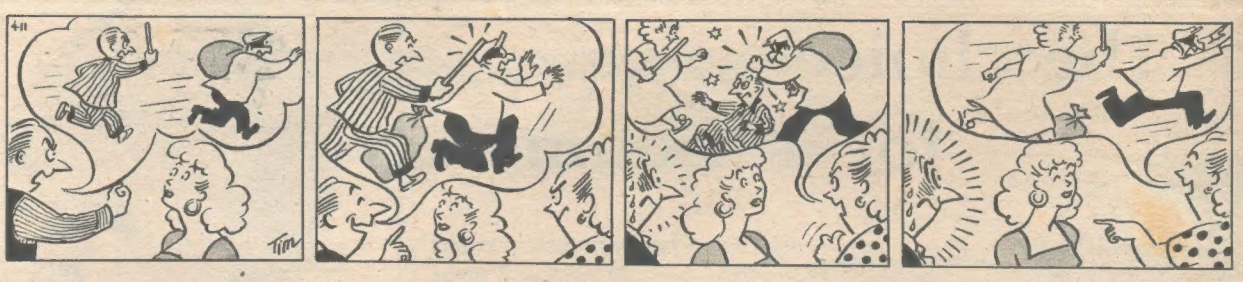
Very sadly he whispered: "You are so young and life is very long. Listen, I must tell you what I can while I can. You must not go back to the high veld. There will be no life for you there now. When they come I will try to write. You must go down to the Cape, to Languedoc, to your grandmother. Andries will have Jangroentjies Farm and the cattle. He is young and the country is young: it is enough for him. You will have Languedoc. That is Anthony's recompense. He must forget the gold—utterly."

"He has forgotten it, Father; for your sake he has forgotten it."

"Nothing matters then," said Lemaire, "nothing matters. In the end . . ."—the same awful clarity that had taken him when first he knew his own death held him again—"in the end it will be found, but if we have saved even one generation it is something." He moved his head wearily until he could see into her eyes as she

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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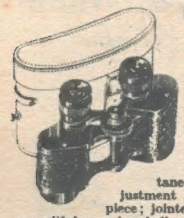

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89 GLENTHORNE ROAD, LONDON, W.6

knelt, staring down at him. "At the foot of the rock where the horses are there is a patch of aloes. The *jangroentjies* have nested there. I saw the nest as I went by the rock. That is an omen and a sign for you."

Lisette put her hands to her face and began to cry. . . .

Stopford went down the rock face. He heard the deep rumbling of Bezuidenhout's voice before he saw the men. They had moved up towards the entrance of the camp, and Andries still stood beyond them with his gun ready.

As he came full in sight of them Stopford said: "It's over. Jonathan is dead and your father is dying. Come, Andries!"

"My father?"

"I killed Jonathan," said Stopford, in a high, almost mechanical, voice. "I warned him, but he would not take my warning. Your father was on the slope below him. As Jonathan fell he swept your father down. Lisette is with him. Come!"

"My father," said Andries brokenly, and came towards him.

Bezuidenhout said wonderingly: "It is over." And then, after a little, "We will help."

They went up over the rock. No one looked at the body of Jonathan as they went past it. Slowly and very carefully the four of them lifted Lemaire from the rocks to the shadow of the trees below and laid him on the blankets with a pillow of coats for his head. Malan brought water from the river, and he drank.

When he had drunk, he asked: "Have you paper? Something with which to write?"

Stopford thought for a moment. "There's the back of the map."

"Good! Now write as I tell you." Quietly and very deliberately, Lemaire dictated a brief will. "These two"—he indicated Malan and Bezuidenhout—"must witness it."

When it was done, he said: "That will serve in Cape law. For the rest you must hold for yourself, Andries. You are young."

His eyes moved to Stopford again. "When it is over . . ."—it was curious how a man could not say, "When I am dead"—"when it is over, go north from here. You came too far to the south when you broke away from the trek path—the road to the Portuguese is north. Go to them and find a ship for the Cape, there is no other way for you." He looked at Bezuidenhout. "You are a big man, Jacobus, but you have been a fool. I think you know that now."

Bezuidenhout nodded. "I know it. I have known it since before we came down the Berg."

"He could not help himself either," said Lemaire very slowly, and they knew that he spoke of Jonathan. "We can none of us help ourselves. I think I would like to lie close to him when I die." At last he had come to the words.

He died in the night in the late coolness with the last of the old moon just at the eastern shadow of the trees, and there was almost no sign of his death, only that in the firelight a shadow crossed his face, and Lisette, beside him, holding his hands against her knees, said, low and in a deep anguish: "He is dead."

For a while she knelt, and then she placed his hand across his breast, and Stopford, putting his arm round her, lifted her to her feet and took her away.

They walked out beyond the line of the firelight towards the river until they could see the open, quiet level of the water, and Lisette, turning to him, said: "He told me that the *jangroentjies* had nested here at the foot of the rock."

Stopford, bending down to her, said: "I think perhaps he meant that we could make a home in any place."

"With love," she whispered, "with love."

THE END

"The Golden Fool" by David Divine is published in book form by John Murray at 10s. 6d.

£500 PLUS £75 TV INSTALLATION

CASH 1st PRIZE for a "BULLET"

1,569 OTHER AWARDS: £25 | £10 | £9 | £8 | £7 | £6 | 3 of £5; 10 of £2.10 | 50 SURPRISE AWARDS | 1,500 "USE-AS-YOU-CHOOSE" PRIZES

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This Little Island
The Iron Fist
Thanks To Uncle Sam
Television Tomorrow
Living In Harmony
Eden And Molotov
Watching Us
When He Retires
Perseverance Pays, So
In The Spring
Coldly, Remorselessly
Had A Rough Trip
The Heroine
Brushed Aside
Cry From The Heart
A Delusion
Alfie's Mouse
Smaller And Smaller
Pills, Tablets, Powders
Not Doing So Badly

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

To Make More.....
Taking .....Seriously
.....She Longs For
Singing In The.....
Out Of All.....
The.....Glared And

"Bullets" Winners 1,920

FIRST PRIZE, £750: W. L. Elmer, 59 Lower Brook Street, Basingstoke:

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£25: H. Davies, 46 Seabrook Road, Manchester: IN THIS ELIZABETHAN AGE—"AXE" *We* FEAR—REDUNDANCY.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: W. E. Lucas, 304 Westdale Lane, Mapperley, Nottingham: COMPETITOR FRITZ—GRABBING SANDWICH—GRABBING "CAKE"! £9: L. Common, 68 Berdmore Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent: JUST AS HE DESPAIRED—"WHO WAS *Bruce*, DADDY?" £8: T. W. Marriott, 52 Dale Crescent, Brighton: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—CONDEMNED MAN—HOME SECRETARY. £7: R. Sandberg, 200 Moorhouse Road, Wold Road, Hull: RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT—EIGHT-THIRTY ARRIVED LATE—*Clean*! £6: W. Graham, 7 Ruberslaw Road, Burnfoot, Hawick: THE WORLD'S WORST INSURANCE—RISK—BRITISH EMBASSY WINDOWS! £5: S. R. Comer, 4 Park Hill, Ilfracombe: IN THIS ELIZABETHAN AGE—PROBLEM, REPULSING THE *Dubs*! £5: A. V. Richardson, 36 Drayton Road, London, N.W.10: TICKET TO SUCCESS — *Germany* FOUND "ON FLOOR."

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Surprise Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,925 (or Xword 871), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated March 20, and in JOHN BULL dated March 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 13, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,925 result.)

CASH and FOWLS for XWORDS!

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AWARDS VALUE £25

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50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up
Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 866 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS. 1, Brain. 5, Manured. 9, Crash. 10, Ace or Ape. 11, Ait. 14, Purse. 15, Site. 16, Paints. DOWN: 2, Rule. 3, Lunch. 4, Fend. 6, Mate. 7, Mutter. 8, Hacks. 12, Turn. 13, Pie.

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NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two, three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 871**

1. Breadwinner has also got to find money for
3. You'd almost certainly refuse this to beggar you don't trust
5. Some young fellows have pretty dangerous ones
7. It may occasionally be wisdom to stop them
9. A workman likes to have good this on job
10. One extra this will quite often decide issue of close fight
14. Even after listening to two or three speeches, members of learned society may well be prepared to listen to
15. Equity is the concern of

Down Clues

1. Sometimes apt to be forgotten and neglected
2. One may dominate the district
4. A schoolboy's ought not to be unnecessarily heavy
6. You can get bit of a blow in one
8. Fall in this may be taken very seriously
11. If you've got it to spare, you're likely to give it away gladly
12. Costs of housing repairs do this
13. Door-to-door salesman may feel rather better equipped for his job if he has

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
B.	
EX.	
B.	

1,925

Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 1

Signed.....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

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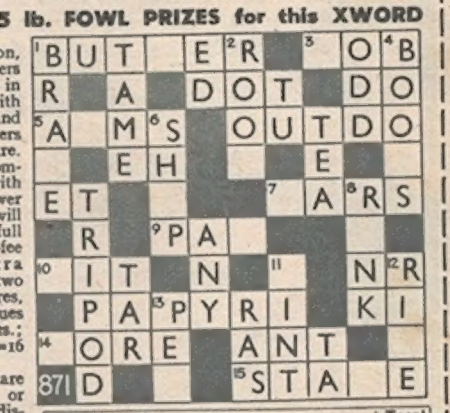
In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated March 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **871** Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 1

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

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Address ....

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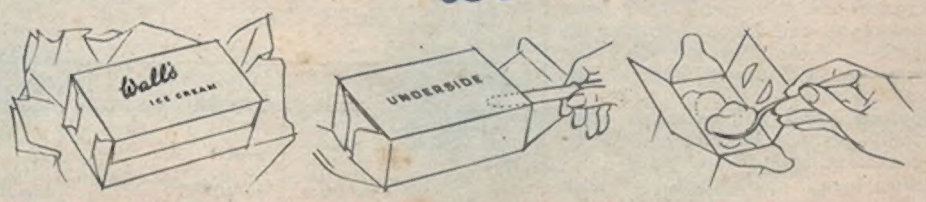

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